

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1888.

No. 6.

## Free Trade or Protection?

In the matter of INSURANCE it is the duty of every one owning property liable to be destroyed by fire, to seek

## PROTECTION

in some one of the reliable Companies represented by

R. W. HILLIARD, Resident Agt., 2 Swan's Block, - ARLINGTON.  
BOSTON OFFICE 33 CENTRAL STREET.

## LOTS OF GREAT BARAINS!

In Slightly Damaged

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, etc.

AT THE OLD CORNER.

L. C. Tyler, Bank Building.

## SEASONABLE GOODS!

F. P. WINN'S Pleasant Street Market.

Canned Goods of every sort, put up expressly for him,

Bolled Cider, Assorted Nuts, Fruit, Malaga Grapes, Vegetables of all kinds, Minced Meat, ready for baking, a superior article. 51b boxes of Butter, choice article.

Meat, Poultry and Game.

ARE YOU READY?

GO!

To Robinson's, in Bank Block,

and see the splendid array of

## Seasonable Goods

there displayed. Never before has such a large assortment been offered to the people of Arlington and vicinity. The stock embraces a full line of

PLUSH GOODS, CARDS, ALBUMS, TOYS, DOLLS, BOOKS  
of all kinds, Cologne, Stationery, Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Call early and get the best variety and also avoid the rush of the last day or two. Remember the place,

Bank Block. I. E. Robinson.

OUR STORE IN SWAN'S BLOCK CONTAINS

all the regular goods found in first class stores

E. E. UPHAM,

—DEALER IN—

Beef, Pork, Lamb,

Veal, Ham, Tripe, &c.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE,

GAME and VEGETABLES of all kinds in their SEASON.

ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Probate Court.  
To the Heirs at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of ALVIN CUTLER, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:

GREETING:  
Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Deborah L. Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or securities on her bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear as a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock in fore noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. A not said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. HANCOCK, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

A. R. T. J. [Signature]

## Manure For Sale,

From several Stables of the West End Street Railway Co., at the South End, South Boston, and the Highlands. Apply to HENRY F. WOODS, Purchasing Agt., W. E. St. R. Co., 16 Kilby St., Boston.

## FOR RENT.

Westerly half of House corner Academy street and Arlington avenue. There are nine rooms, splendid cellar and good water, near churches, school house, etc., etc. For terms apply to the adjoining house, or to

C. S. PARKER, Advocate Office.

S. P. PRENTISS,

Teacher of

PIANO, ORGAN AND VIOLIN!

Director of Chorus and Orchestra.

Violins for Sale.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON.

## About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

=How about the new seats for Town Hall?

=The Loyal Temperance Legion have in preparation another entertainment.

=Mr. S. E. Kimball has disposed of his interest in Winn's Express.

=Dramatic entertainment at the Unitarian church this evening.

=Entertainment in Unitarian church vestry this (Friday) evening. A fine bill is to be presented.

=The "Six Old Associates" have chosen March 7th as the date of their masquerade this year.

=Department convention of the Relief Corps coming on Feb. 9th, the regular meeting of Relief Corps No. 43 will be postponed until Feb. 23d.

=Saturday evening, in spite of the intense cold (the thermometer at nine degrees below zero) there was quite a gathering of the Toboggan Club to engage in this fascinating sport.

=A party of young people, chiefly resident on Pleasant street, enjoyed a sleigh ride Wednesday evening. The party went to Lexington and were entertained at the Russell House.

=For eight consecutive Sabbaths it has stormed or been bitterly cold. The mild winter which some predicted has proved the most rigorous of any for a long series of years.

=The milder weather which came with the closing days of January was grateful to everybody—even the plumbers,—for they have had all too much to attend to in thawing water pipes and repairing the breaks caused by the frost.

=The regular meeting of the Young Peoples' Christian Union will be held Sunday evening, at six o'clock, in the small vestry of the Baptist church. Leader, Herbert P. Schwamb. All are cordially invited.

=Mr. David Clerk's large sleighing barge has been in constant demand during the sleighing carnival. He has furnished conveyance for quite a number of parties from other towns besides our own. The usual destination is Lexington.

=Meeting of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at six o'clock, at the Pleasant Street Congregational church. Miss L. E. Warren will be the leader, and the subject of the meeting is "Christ the bread of life."

=The young ladies of the Missionary Circle connected with the Pleasant St. Congregational church, are preparing for a sale to be held in the vestries of the church, the latter part of this month.

=Last fall Dr. Winn purchased from Parker & Wood four bulbs of the Lillium Harri-li. In the sunny alcove of his room they have grown to the remarkable height of over six feet, and during the past two weeks have been adorned with more than two dozen beautiful blossoms, filling the house with their fragrance. The slight presented is one of rare beauty.

=A full gang of men was employed on Spy Pond last Sunday.

=The ice harvest from Spy Pond this year is of unusual excellence.

=The new voting list in our hands to be printed is a strong reminder that the spring election is close at hand.

=The Universalist church will hold its annual fair in the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22 and 23.

=The "Hereafter," will be the subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's sermon at the Universalist church, next Sunday morning.

=Messrs. Bastine & Gates have put up a new sign this week. It makes a good show and improves the whole front of the building.

=Only the shortest of the winter months now remains. Spring cannot come any too quickly. We have had winter enough.

=A hot box on one of the cars on the ten o'clock train from Boston, Tuesday forenoon, caused the derailment of a car and considerable delay to travel. The accident occurred just above the centre depot at Arlington.

=The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet next week Friday, in the vestry of the Pleasant St. Congregational church, at three o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

=Rev. Dr. Peirce will occupy the pulpit of the Arlington Heights church on Sunday morning. In the evening Rev. F. A. Gray, of the Universalist church, of Arlington, will address the meeting.

=Last Saturday, on a sled built for Daniel Tappan by Charles Gott, the carriage builder, five cords and one foot of stable manure was hauled from Boston to Arlington—the biggest load on record so far.

=On Thursday evening, Feb. 16, there will be a calico dancing party in Town Hall, given by ladies of the Relief Corps of Francis Gould Post. These parties have always been enjoyable and most successfully managed.

=The annual party of Emmet Boat Club is to be held in Town Hall, this evening. These parties have always been a success, and the one for this year is planned on a scale to warrant the belief that it will bring considerable profit to the treasury.

=An enjoyable, social dancing party was given in Town Hall, on Tuesday evening. The management of the affair devolved on Mr. Arthur Goodwin, and the party was a signal success in every respect and was fully attended by a congenial company.

=On Friday evening a party of young people of our town enjoyed a sleigh-ride through Brighton, Watertown and Belmont. On returning, they partook of a supper at the residence of Mr. C. W. Hiley, whose daughter was among the party.

=A short time ago Mr. John D. Freeman attained his 88th year, having been born Jan. 22, 1800, and those of his children resident here celebrated the event by a visit to the homestead. Mr. Freeman retains his faculties to a remarkable degree, remembering events of recent occurrence as well as the happenings of boyhood and early manhood.

=The fourteenth annual reunion of Cotting High School Alumni Association will be held in Town Hall on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. Some novel features will be introduced this year and an unusually pleasant and profitable gathering is likely to result. The full particulars will be announced next week. Tickets can be obtained of officers of the Association.

=Local Union No. 22, of the Carpenters and Joiners of America, will hold a public meeting in Dodge's Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 9, at 7.30 o'clock. The following gentlemen are expected to address the meeting:—W. J. Shields, president of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Geo. W. Clark, of Chelsea, B. C. Smith, of Boston Highlands, Hugh McKay, of East Boston, John T. White, of Boston and others. All other mechanical trades are respectfully invited to attend.

=The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Arlington, held their annual meeting for the election of officers, Friday, Jan. 27th, in the ladies' parlor of Pleasant St. Cong. church. The following members were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Mrs. Wiggins, president; Mrs. Kilder, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hutchinson, vice presidents; Mrs. Cook, secretary; Miss Simpson, treasurer. The first meeting of the new year will be held Feb. 10, at three o'clock, at the same place. All interested in the cause of temperance are cordially invited to be present.

=The local circle of the Chautauqua met on Tuesday evening, at the home of Miss Nellie Marston, on Swan's court. The gentlemen of the circle were conspicuous on this occasion for their absence, all being detained by engagements elsewhere. The first on the programme was roll call, with birthday quotations, followed by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. A paper was read by Mrs. Kilder, and then came music, and the rest of the programme included table talk with the subject of "American Colleges," the reading of the "Spectator" and miscellaneous business.

=A party of about forty members of Paul Revere Temple of Honor and Paul Revere Social Temple, of Malden, turned out in two teams to pay a surprise visit to Mr. Geo. M. Pyne, of Teel St., Arlington, he being a member of the order. They arrived at about ten o'clock and enjoyed themselves greatly, and at about ten o'clock Mr. Pyne was called up on the floor and Mr. Harmon Wright, after an appropriate speech, dwelling on the interest taken in the order by Mr. Pyne, presented him with an elegant watch chain, the same being an emblem of the order, after which was served a bountiful collation, and the evening was interspersed with social games and vocal and instrumental music. The party broke up at a late hour, well pleased with the way the evening was spent.

=The Pleasant St. Congregational vestry was the scene of an unusually large gathering on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the regular monthly sociable. Supper was served at seven o'clock and the bounties of the table seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all. After supper a short time was spent socially and then the company was seated to enjoy the programme of the evening, prepared by a committee made up of Mr. Ned Mason, Mr. Walter Frost, Miss Frost and Mrs. R. A. Ware. It was opened by a violin solo by Miss Banks, of Newton, who met with the enthusiastic approval of her audience but declined the encore. The remainder of the programme consisted of a poem set to music which was illustrated by six tableaux, the whole making a unique and most pleasing entertainment. The poem illustrated was the "Mistletoe Bow," and Mr. R. A. Ware sang the verses in an intelligent and artistic manner, the principal features of the poem being illustrated at intervals by the tableaux. The first scene presented was a happy wedding party, then, after one where the bride bids adieu to the company, comes the one which is the key-note of the poem, where the bride is about to enter the chest to hide and which becomes her tomb, as she is unable to lift the lid and her frantic friends are unable to find her. Several other tableaux follow till the last one, where the old, gray-haired groom discovers the remains of his long lost bride in the chest. The tableaux were simply but artistically mounted and the principal parts were taken by Miss Ella Russell, Mr. Chas. Doughty, Miss Mabel Gott, Mr. Wm. Cook, Miss Evie Perry, Mr. Horace Frost and Miss Josie Fowle.

=Following along in the enterprising line that the Boston Evening Record has pursued since its establishment, that paper now offers a series of prizes for articles descriptive of any man of considerable local prominence who was born and reared there and whose life has been closely identified with the growth and development of the place; who has been content to abide in his birthplace and spend his life in its service. Such men render a service to New England character and prosperity which it is exceedingly difficult to estimate. They ought to be more widely known and more highly honored. The Record has determined some of them shall be, and to that end has determined to offer three prizes for original articles describing the life and work of the most prominent living natives of the towns of Massachusetts. The articles must not contain more than 2500 words, must be strictly original and must be accompanied by a good photograph of the subject of the sketch. The man written about must be a native of the town or have become a resident before 10 years ago, and have lived there all his life. The prize will be \$50 for the best article, \$30 for the second best, and \$20 for the third best. The test of merit will be the general excellence of the article for newspaper use; its literary merit and its readable qualities. No rules will be laid down, as it is desired to leave competitors free to exercise their own judgement. One hundred of these articles will be admitted to compete, and not less than 50 of the best written will be printed. The prizes will be awarded by a jury of five, consisting of the publisher of the Record, and Advertiser, the managing editor of the Record, and the managing literary and art editors of the Daily Advertiser. The articles must be submitted on or before the 15th day of February next, and the publication will begin immediately thereafter and continue until the accepted articles have all been printed.

when the prize will be announced. Any further information they may desire will be furnished intending competitors if they will address The Record, enclosing a stamp for reply.

=A local paper printed at Jaffna, on the island of Ceylon, in both the native and English languages, has an account of the visit of Rev. E. G. Porter and Rev. Daniel March, D. D., and reports several of the meetings at which these gentlemen made addresses. The missionaries, on this island seem highly pleased with the visit of these two well known gentlemen to their far away mission fields.

=Mr. T. Holland, of Lowell, and who is well known by railroad employees in this section, as the conductor of the freight trains, was presented a few days ago with an elegant silver water pitcher as a token of friendship and respect, by his many friends on the line of the railroad.

=February Wide Awake has come, bright with pictures and full of entertainment and wisdom for young people. One series of papers alone is enough to make the fortune of a magazine. "The Children of the White House," by Mrs. Upton, a familiar sketch of the children of John Adams, with many curious portraits and relics. "About Rosa Bonheur" by Henry Bacon is accompanied by copies of several of her pictures with a portrait of the artist herself in her studio. "My Uncle Florimond" by Sidney Laska comes to its third instalment. Mrs. Sherwood takes "Those Cousins of Mabel's to Richfield Springs. Olive Risley Seward visits the Great Wall of China. Oscar Fay Adams occupies himself with Esop, the story teller. And many more. The number is very rich, varied and interesting. A sample copy can be obtained by sending five cents to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

=The Art Amateur, for February, gives a delightful colored portrait study of a little girl, by Ellen Welby; decorations for a plate (La France rose), a lamp (sun flowers), and a fish-plate; a striking study of orchids, by Victor Dangou; numerous models for wood-carving, embroidery designs for a cushion and a chalice veil, and a page of monograms in Q. Articles of special practical interest are those on animal painting (dogs), still-life painting (fish), painting in water-colors, wood-carving and church embroidery. Mrs. Wheeler tells how one may become an artist with the needle, Mr. Shugio discusses on Japanese sword-guards. Theodore Child and "Greta" gossip about art in Paris and Boston, and "Montezuma's" Note Book is filled, as usual, with piquant paragraphs. An article on beds is profusely illustrated, as is one on dogs. The Moran and Babot etching exhibitions are reviewed and all the minor departments of this excellent magazine are ably sustained. Price, 25 cents. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

=A delightful essay by James Russell Lowell, on Walter Savage Landor, is one of the many features of the February Century. It is accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Landor, and a collection of his before unpublished letters to Miss Mary Boyle, revealing his interesting personality. Mr. Kennan's series, which is important enough to be torn by the Russian censor from copies of The Century sent to that country, receives a notable addition in the study of "A Russian Political Prisoner," a terribly pathetic description written from personal investigation and inquiry. Theodore Roosevelt writes, also in a popular vein, of "Ranch life in the far west," with intimate knowledge of his subject, which is largely the cowboy. His article tells just the things one wishes to know of the subject. "Pictorial art on the stage" is a subject upon which Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Blashfield throw much curious light. "Living in Paris," a third illustrated paper of general interest, is by the late J. D. Osborne, and was written out of a full experience. Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of "The Christian Advocate," adds to his papers on the mind cure and similar phenomena, a curious study of "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences." The variety of the number as above shown is no way impaired by two important papers to which a large number of readers will turn first of all, viz.: (1) Gen. Sherman's study of "The grand strategy of the war"—in which there are interesting comparisons with foreign military operations, and characterization of the relation of the different Union movements throughout the war; and (2) The Lincoln History, in which the narrative deals with the Confederate Commission, the Cabinet opinions on the re-instatement of Fort Pickens (given from unpublished letters and Lincoln's own words), in which it was decided whether the Secretary of War or the President should rule the country.



There are concerns in New York city, whose success depends upon successful advertising, which pay from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year salary to advertising managers.

Members of the Forty-first Kentucky regiment claim that the United States Government owes them about \$3,000 each on the ground that they were never formally mustered out of the service.

A Florida judge who sentenced fifty tramps to receive each thirty-nine lashes on the bare back was moved by numerous appeals to revoke the sentence, but declares the penalty shall be enforced on the next lot of tramps brought before him.

In these days neither cities nor individuals can set their light under a bushel and still succeed in business. Advertising is the every-day lever to move the wheels of trade, and the newspapers are the most powerful mediums of advertisers.

A London coroner has raised the question whether a man can cough himself to pieces. A broken rib was found in a diseased lunatic, when medical evidence was brought forward to show that under certain abnormal conditions bones may be broken by muscular efforts, or even by a violent fit of coughing.

The fact that Berlin bankers are willing to lend Mexico upward of \$50,000,000 bears witness to the striking transformation of that country under the Diaz Administration. For the first time in thirty years the republic is able to borrow a large sum of money, and avails itself of the accommodation for the honorable purpose of paying debts long outstanding and until recently looked upon as worthless by European creditors.

There is in London an organization called "The Twenty Minutes Work" society. The rules are that any lady who joins this society shall work twenty minutes a day, or two hours a week, for the poor in East London. The garments when finished are generally sold at various mothers' meetings for a nominal sum, the proceeds being given to the sick fund of the parish in which the sale takes place, thus attaining a twofold object.

The London Times recently showed that the number of paupers in England and Wales had fallen from 900,000 in 1870 to about 697,000 in 1887, although the population had been increased by 5,700,000. The number of paupers per thousand inhabitants had fallen from 40 to 24. There were in London in 1870 nearly forty paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, while at the end of August, 1887, there were only twenty-one per 1,000 inhabitants, the ratio for the metropolis during the present year and the last being the smallest on record. These facts are of deep significance.

It is understood from a recent communication from Antwerp to parties in New York, says the *Culture*, that the adulteration of American refined lard shipped to the former market has reached such a point and become so general that unless something is done on the American side to raise the standard, there will be legislation passed excluding American refined lard from that market. The cause of these complaints is understood to be chiefly due to the heavy consignment of cotton oil refined lard from the West, which have nearly ruined trade with real lard from that port, which once fed all other continental markets in its imports of American lard.

California rejoices in the fact that it has no weather but plenty of climate; likewise in the fact that it has only two seasons to wrestle with, one partly wet and the other wholly dry. But, according to the *Alta*, of San Francisco, it has a very "ornery" State seal. "Upon its face," remarks the *Alta*, "is an impossible female, with a head-dress no woman would wear. Alongside of her is a stump-tailed bear nosing a cactus, while in the middle distance is a placer miner brandishing a pickaxe, and in the back distance is a sheet of alleged water occupied by a few schooners." It thinks this seal is as vacant as a bunghole or anything suggesting the present resources of the State, and calls for a new seal for New California.

The New York Sun says that the Russians are pushing forward the Trans-Caspian Railroad as rapidly as some of our own roads have advanced. The people of Bokhara never saw so novel a sight before as the spectacle of the 7,000 men who are now grading the road through the country where a few years ago no undisguised white man was safe for a moment. The road is now ready for the rails for four-fifths of the way between the Oxus and Samarcand, nearly 300 miles, but the track cannot be laid until the bridge over the Oxus is completed. This bridge, now more than half finished, will be three miles long, and will be one of the largest structures of the sort in the world. It will connect the road now completed to the Oxus with the extension to Samarcand, and this spring the ancient capital of Tamerlane will be connected by steam with the Western world.

#### OWNERSHIP.

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook, Went to the county fair, And with his wife he strolled around To see the wonders there. "That horse," he said, "Gray Eagle Wing, Will take the highest prize; But our old Dobbin looks as well And better to my eyes. He is, I know, what folks call slow; It's far the safest way to go; Some men, perhaps, might think it strange, I really should not like to change.

"And those fat oxen, Buck and Bright, Don't have so large a girth, Nor match like them, just to a hair, But I know what they're worth. They're good to plough, and good to draw, You stronger pullers never saw, And always mind my 'gee and 'haw.' Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"That Devon heifer cost, I heard, A thousand dollars." "Now," Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn Is just as good a cow; Her milk I'm sure is the very best, Her butter is the yellowest. Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want a change."

"Those premium hogs," said Mrs. Boggs, "My little Cheshire pig Is better than the best of them, Although he's not so big. And that young Jersey is not half So pretty as old Brindle's calf; Nor is there in the poultry pen As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook Rode homeward from the fair, He said: "I wish my animals 'Had all of them been there; And if the judges had been wise I might have taken every prize!" —*Marian Douglas, in Youth's Companion.*

#### BESIEGED BY SIOUX.

On the morning of August 18, 1862, as I was carrying a pail of milk from the cow yard to the house, on the farm of William Miller, seventeen miles from New Ulm, Minn., I saw a covered wagon coming across the prairie as fast as two horses could pull it. I handed the pail into the house, called to Miller and his wife, and by the time we were out doors the wagon had stopped at the gate. It was a vehicle belonging to a man named Saunders, living about nine miles away, and he and his family were inside. We had not reached the gate when he shouted:

"Fly for your lives, the Indians are on the warpath!"

He would have driven off with that, but one of his horses fell down in the harness from exhaustion. There was Saunders, his wife, and four children, and I never saw people so broken up. It was fully ten minutes before we could get their story in a shape to understand it. The Sioux rebellion, which many pioneers had predicted, had broken out at last. For the past three months we had noticed a change in the demeanor of the Indians, some of whom called at the house almost daily. They had become impudent and threatening, and many of the older settlers were becoming alarmed. Some would have given up their farms, but there were a few smart Alecks who rode about the country saying there was no danger, and that there were enough soldiers in the forts in the State to thrash all the Indians in the whole West. These men were, as we afterward found out, interested in the sale of real estate, and of course they did not want any sensational reports sent East. But for the civil war then raging there would have been no uprising of the Indians. Uncle Sam had his hands full in the South, and hundreds of our young men had enlisted to fight the Confederates.

Saunders had received warning at daylight from a settler on horseback, whose whole family had been butchered. He was a teamster, and his wagon then contained a part of a load of stores which he was hauling out to a store-keeper in a new settlement. He had unloaded some of the stuff and flung in household goods and provisions, and had driven at such a pace as to exhaust one of his horses. Miller and his wife were Germans, cool and phlegmatic. Their all was invested right there. While they knew that trouble was at hand, they did not want to abandon everything at a mere alarm. We had three horses in the stable and Saunders begged hard for one to take the place of his exhausted beast. He was bound and determined to get on, even if he had to go on foot, and Miller consented to let the horse go. While he was being harnessed in Saunders asked us to throw out some of the merchandise and lighten the vehicle. We took out four kegs of powder, about one hundred pounds of lead, fifty pounds of shot, three double-barreled shot-guns, and some groceries, and the horse was no sooner in the traces than Saunders drove off at a gallop.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Miller, as we stood looking after the wagon.

"Stay and fight," replied the husband. I was then a boy of 19, and had been with the Millers over a year. There was never a day but that some of the Sioux came along, and in many instances they had eaten of our food. Miller did not think it as serious a matter as it turned out to be, and with true Dutch grit he proposed to stick. We went into breakfast, ate as heartily as usual, and when we were through my employer said:

"Now we will get ready for the Indians."

As we went out doors we saw three columns of smoke in different directions, showing that the murderous redskins were at work. Miller had 160 acres of land, almost every acre as level as a floor. We had just finished building a milk house over a spring, about 300 feet from the house. Around the spring was about two acres of broken ground, underlaid with rock, and we had blasted out sufficient of this to lay up the walls of the milk house. Miller was a stone mason by trade, and his work had been well done. The house was pretty large, being 18x24 inside the walls, and the walls were perhaps a foot thick. The roof had been planked and then sanded, and the door was of heavy plank. The place would make a capital fort, and while I was carrying into it such things as Mrs. Miller directed, the husband used a crowbar to make loopholes in the walls.

In the course of an hour he drove five or six, and then he bored two in the door with a big auger.

We carried in all the provisions in the house followed by the clothing and the bedding. While we worked we kept our eyes open for sight of Indians, but it was 11 o'clock before we saw them coming. They were not more than a mile away when we retired to our fort and barricaded the door. All the live stock had been turned loose and driven away, while the fowls were flying about on the prairie. There was very little left in the house, and the worst thing we could do was to burn it. When we shut ourselves up I missed two of the kegs of powder, but to my query as to what had become of them Miller made no reply, except by a laugh. He had been working by himself all the forenoon, digging holes and running trenches, but I had been too busy to notice just what he was up to.

There were thirty-two mounted Indians in the band which came up, and among them they had five fresh scalps. Every one had plunder of some sort from the settlers' cabins, and two or three appeared much the worse for liquor. They had probably seen us enter the milk house, for they rode right up to the cabin without fear. We could see them very plainly, and among the gang we picked out several who had often been supplied with food and ammunition. There were yells of rage from those who dismounted and entered the house to find it stripped, but presently a council was held in the one big room. After a few minutes an Indian appeared around the corner of the house with a white rag tied to a stick, and when he had waived it a few times he called out that he wanted a "talk." Miller shouted to him to come on, and he advanced to within fifty feet of the fort before he stopped and called out:

"All come out. Indians no hurt Dutchman."

"Is there war?" shouted Miller.

"No war—no war! Young men get drunk and ride around, but no war. Indians all like Dutchman."

"If you like us, then go away and leave us alone!" shouted Miller.

"Will you come out?"

"No."

"Then we burn house and kill all cattle!"

The Indians were too anxious to get at their bloody work to waste much time in parleying. The messenger was no sooner under shelter than the gang began to howl and whoop, and while some opened fire on us from the windows, others made preparations for a bonfire. In about ten minutes the house was on fire, and the Indians crowded together on the far side. It was a log house, and the roof fell in before the sides were hardly ablaze. The slight wind blew the smoke and sparks directly over us, so that we could not see five feet. The Indians continued to yell and dance for a time, but suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a dozen screams of terror. I was looking into the smoke cloud, which now and then lifted for an instant, and I saw the burning logs of the house scattered to the four winds by the explosion. Miller knew the reds would set the building on fire, and he had placed one of the kegs of powder where it would do the most good. We counted five warriors killed or disabled by the explosion, and Miller killed two others before the crowd got out of range. The house was the best shelter from what to worry us, and they had lost by destroying it.

The strength of our fort could be seen at a glance. The Indians were wise enough not to attempt a rush, and the whole party were also impatient to push on to other scenes. Six or eight more arrived soon after the explosion, and presently we saw them making ready to move off. A general volley was fired at us, the war whoop was sounded, and the brief siege was raised. It was half an hour before we ventured out, and not an Indian was in sight. We could, however, see tall columns of black smoke whichever way we looked, and it was plain that the whole section was in the hands of the Indians. We could not at first make out why they had left us, but Miller soon concluded that they knew what they were about. We had no means of escape left to us. The savages were on every side, and if we attempted to leave the neighborhood we should fall into the hands of some of them. It was quite safe to leave us there while they pushed on to butcher the defenceless ones.

An hour after dinner we were joined by three young men who had been hiding, dodging and traveling since the evening before, and who had come a distance of twenty miles. They were bachelor homesteaders, and all had rifles, revolvers and plenty of ammunition. It was a welcome addition to our party, for we now felt that we would have to stand a siege. Mrs. Miller brought out the pots and kettles, and cooked dinner on a fire in the open air, and after it was eaten she began to prepare food for the siege. Pork was boiled, flour stirred into cakes, coffee made and put into jugs, and before night she had enough food to last a dozen men a week. Meanwhile the rest of us had not been idle. Some large posts were sunk in the earth before the door, leaving space enough for only one person to come at us at a time that way. Four more loopholes were made in the walls, and then the planking of the roof was loop-holed by means of the auger in at least twenty places. I now saw what Miller had been up to the day before. He had put in no less than three powder mines in the vicinity, running a slow match to each one. The only cover the Indians could have in the neighborhood was in the rear of the fort, where we had mined the rock. We had left a big hole, which was a natural rifle pit, and our loopholes did not command it. They would be sure to occupy this place, and the men prepared a torpedo holding fifteen pounds of powder, and hid it under the rocks and dirt on the brink of the pit. A trench was then dug to and under the wall of the milk house, and by means of boards a train of powder was laid. When the earth had been filled in again no one could have told it had been disturbed.

We were as ready as we could be at six o'clock, but the sun was just going down when we saw the Indians approaching. By that time more than 3,000 settlers had been butchered or driven from their homes, and the war which was to sweep over an extent of country 300 miles long and 60 broad, and alarm 80,000 settlers, had opened in all its ferocity. The band which now approached numbered only sixteen war-

riors, and as soon as they saw our strength they fired a few shots at long range and passed on to the east. At dark we entered the fort, arranged the goods and provisions to give us all the room possible, and by and by turned in to sleep while one man was left on watch. This was Miller. He was to watch until midnight, and then call one of the young men, but at eleven o'clock he quietly aroused the garrison and whispered the news that a large number of Indians had arrived. We were scarcely awake before being made aware that our fort was being closely inspected by spies. When we had carefully pulled the plugs from the loopholes we could see and hear them moving about in large numbers. By and by we heard a number of them on the roof. They were probably investigating to see how to burn us out. At a signal from Miller we took up our guns, carefully poked the muzzles through the loopholes in the planks, and at another signal all fired. We killed or wounded two Indians by the volley, and the others hastily departed. Half an hour later two or three of the reds crept up to the barricade in front of our door with arms full of light wood and started a fire. The posts were only half seasoned, and all that afternoon I had kept them wet with water. They charred a little under the flames, but the fire would not take hold. From the number of Indians we could see, and to judge by the yells of those out of sight, our enemies numbered at least fifty. After trying us with fire they drew off to wait for daylight, and the most of them probably went to sleep.

When daylight came our enemies were re-enforced by a band of twelve, and these newcomers brought with them two settlers' teams and wagons and three prisoners. Two of the prisoners, a man and a woman, were killed soon after coming up. I knew the man. He lived about eight miles away, and had frequently called at our house. The third prisoner was a settler none of us knew. About an hour after daylight the Indians sent him forward with a white flag to demand our surrender. He came up within thirty feet of our barricade, and then halted and told us what he had been commanded to do. A dozen or more Indians had their rifles on him, ready to shoot in case he attempted to play them false. He was a big powerful fellow, and I never saw such grief and anxiety in a human countenance. In a voice loud enough for the Indians to hear, he demanded our surrender, but in whispers he warned us not to, as every one of us would be butchered. Miller replied to him from a loophole, telling him to go back to the Indians and ask their best terms. When he returned he was to come as close as possible, and at a signal he was to spring forward, and the door would be open for him. He was a pretty cool fellow, in spite of all his sufferings. He returned to the Indians, consulted for a few minutes, and when he came back to us he approached within twenty-five feet before they shouted to him to halt. Then he told us that we would be permitted to take one of the teams and leave the country; that the Indians all loved us; that all they wanted was their land. We had our guns ready to cover him, and I saw him draw a long breath just before the signal came. As Miller uttered a whistle one of the men pulled open the door, and at the same instant the stranger made spring for shelter. It was a veritable spring for life. The Indians fired at him, but too late, and he pitched in among us without a scratch.

Then began a siege which lasted nine days, and in which over forty Indians were killed or wounded. They gathered in the quarry, as expected, and Miller exploded the torpedo and killed four and badly wounded a dozen. They tried every possible way to burn us out, and on one of these occasions, while they were congregated together, Miller sprang another of his mines and killed several of them. Five or six different times they displayed a flag of truce and sought to coax or threaten us into surrender, but Miller was wise enough to refuse to trust them. From first to last they fired about 4,000 bullets at our fort, over a hundred of which lodged in the door, but none of us was wounded. The besieging force never numbered less than thirty-five, and one day the number was over 100. On the ninth day troops came and drove the fends off, and it was only then we learned of the widespread devastation. Not a house nor barn had been left standing for miles and miles in any direction. Crops had been destroyed, stock shot down, and settlers butchered or driven off all over a great section of the State. We had been the only ones outside of the towns to make a fight, and by our standing a siege we kept a large force of the savages from going against the settlers. —*New York Sun.*

#### STATUES IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

The State of Michigan is preparing to send to Washington a statue of Lewis Cass, to take its place among the large number now in position in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol. Each State is entitled to send statues of two of its distinguished citizens to be added to the collection. The Cass statue will cost \$10,000. Michigan has not yet decided upon the second distinguished citizen to be honored. It may be Stephen T. Mason, the first Governor, or perhaps the late Senator Zachariah Chandler.

New York's two statues are already in place. One is that of ex-Vice President George Clinton, in bronze; and the other, that of Robert R. Livingston, who was one of the committee of five that presented the Declaration of Independence. He was the first Chancellor of the State and administered the oath of office to Washington. He was also Minister to France when the purchase of Louisiana was completed. New York is the only State with more than two representatives, the third being a \$10,000 statue of Alexander Hamilton furnished by the Government. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

#### A RIVAL FOR TERRAPIN.

A new industry at Auburndale, Fla., is gopher farming. Judge Tilson and John Mulken are equal partners in a large farm, embracing over 1,000 acres. They will go into the raising of gophers on a large scale at once, having ordered a number of coops to feed the young ones in. They will try the market with a carload shipment to Washington. It is said the most fastidious epicure cannot tell the flesh of the Florida gopher from the famous Maryland terrapin. The Florida gopher is a species of turtle. —*Detroit Free Press.*

#### GOUGHAN'S RIVER PIRATES.

HUMAN WHARF RATS WHOLIVE BY STEALING FROM VESSELS.

Carrying Off an Entire Ship—The Floating Police Station Which Watches the Plunderers.

It may seem strange that there are gangs of human beings who live on the rivers and are housed like water rats under the docks and piers of this great town. Not even London with its hosts of Thames pirates and its skulking bont robbers ever had a more lawless multitude than the thieves that for many years made the harbor of New York a terror to honest mariners and a danger to commerce.

Most of the old gang who swept the rivers and piers in their snaky black boats ten to twenty years ago have been shot to death, drowned, or have died in prison, and although the waterside of the city is much safer than it was in those days, there are still many predatory rascals that keep the watchmen wakeful along the piers where goods are temporarily stored.

The working ground of the river thieves is wherever booty is to be found and carried away with the smallest risk. At the East River docks fronting the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the river sweeps around a ragged jutting turn and the tide dashes about uncomfortably, the pirates occasionally hold high carnival. The big southside tenements running down nearly to the water's edge are hiding places for the criminals and storage ground for their plunder.

So too on the West Side down in the neighborhood of Charlton and the adjoining streets abutting the docks of the North River, where the vicious elements live and thrive, the water thieves find chances for robbery and old corners in which to hide what they have stolen.

Before the present system of police surveillance and repression was adopted no man's life was thoroughly secure on any of the richly-laden vessels that lay within easy reach of the docks when the darkness of night covered them, and many a tale of piracy is yet told among the grizzled-headed longshoremen that crowd the drinking-places along the West street piers.

The scandal of the lawlessness, the robberies and occasional murders that occurred on the water front culminated one night when a richly freighted sloop, captain, crew and vessel, were taken bodily from an East River pier, towed out safely far into the bay and stripped of everything of value that the sloop and its crew possessed. The hull of the boat was left, but that was about all, and the crew were landed and warned to get away from New York as fast as they could ship again. And they did, for when after long investigation two of the thief pirates were captured, not a man of the sloop's party could be found to testify against them.

But the occurrence stirred up the authorities and very soon the Harbor Patrol became a recognized and essential portion of the city's police force. It did not suppress river piracy, nor has it suppressed it, but the thieves have been driven from many of their skulking places under the piers and along the docks, and where almost whole cargoes used to be stolen and carried away the robbers must now content themselves with a small boatload and run their chances of escape from the swift-oared police-boats that day and night keep watch and ward over the docks and the stream.

Down under the big iron pier that is the city's great outlet to Coney Island during the summer months there is a ragged looking stone building, where the Department of Docks has its offices. Close up to this building, in a granite-walled slip, lies, when not on duty, a rakish, black-hulled side-wheeler that carries forty men, and is nothing more nor less than a veritable police station. No one would suppose that in official parlance the good and seaworthy craft, which has the single word "Patrol" on her wheel-house, is a numbered precinct station-house, with roundsmen and sergeants and a captain, just like the big buildings in various sections of the town where our ordinary policemen are housed.

But the men who fill the ranks on the Patrol are of far different brawn and muscle from the men who guard our streets. Many of them are young, hearty fellows who have served an apprenticeship on the sea, and all of them can handle an oar or launch a boat with as much promptness and safety as the most experienced sailor. They carry no clubs while on night duty along the river, for the pirates need more forcible arguments than the shaking of a night stick, and those are furnished usually from the quick speaking mouths of the big revolvers which the Harbor Police carry.

The life is not a pleasant one by any means, for the river front is a long one and the wintry nights are the thieves' best time for plundering. Through the darkness, the rain and the sleet, along the choppy water, under big ferry piers and among the harbor shipping, out into the stream and over toward the Jersey shore, around the dirty East River docks, always full of good things and swarming with thieves, the three police boats, with six men each, pull silently and swiftly all through the night. The pirates know that the glare of the police lantern may be thrown upon them out of the darkness at any instant, and that once spotted six pair of brawny arms will send the boat spinning through the water after them in a way that will make escape impossible.

The Harbor Patrol has done and continues to do a great work. It has not, and may never be able to entirely drive out the river thieves, but when one considers the miles of river front that are to be guarded; the hundreds of wharves and docks that are to be watched, the thousands of craft coming and going that are to be looked after, and the untold millions in freights laden and unladen which are to be saved from depredations, it must certainly appear a marvelous thing that forty men with revolvers in their hands and the law at their backs have been able to do so much for the preservation of life and property along our piers and among our hitherto ungarded shipping. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

There are 700 incubators in this country, and the production is from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 chicks annually.

#### NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The women of Buffalo, N. Y., support six different lecture courses.

A small gold crane, with enameled wings and head, is now fashionable.

Pretty demi-trained toilets for young ladies are of white wool braided with silver.

Venetian green and terra-cotta are combined in some of the newest tailor gowns.

An oxydized silver scarf pin in the form of a miniature ear of corn is a novelty.

Mrs. Young, of Creston, Iowa, is completing a bedspread made wholly of spool cotton.

Two old ladies who have passed three score and ten recently took their first look at a locomotive at Blakely, Ga.

A young Spanish lady is a medical student in Paris. Her mother is the author of several scientific works.

Small handkerchief-like squares of pinked cloth of all colors are used as a decoration on hats, bouquets and muffs.

Sea otter has only been known to Europeans as a fur for about 150 years. It is the rival of seal in fashionable favor.

Bridlemaids who follow the newest fashion carry walking sticks of ebony and silver, to which bouquets are attached.

A Woman's Committee has been formed in London to help in the work of the International Arbitration and Peace Association.

A joint stock company composed entirely of women has been incorporated in Stockton, Cal., for the purpose of dealing in real estate.

In spite of the great popularity of broadcloth long coats and pelisses, jackets still hold their sway and appear in almost endless variety.

Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, herself a good business woman, has offered five hundred dollars toward the establishment of a school for the business training of women.

Ladies' pocketbooks continue to increase in size. One recently noted was made of Congo leather with silver trimmings, and was fourteen inches long and seven inches wide.

There seems to be a tendency with the best dressmakers to return to short tunic fronts, in place of the long ample draperies which have covered nearly the entire front of the skirt.

Although slender-throated women sometimes arrange a sort of jabot of Spanish lace about the neck, the accepted neck-dressing is still a plain, straight linen collar or simple ruche.

Roses with aigrettes, tiny pompons or marabout feathers, or the suspicion of a puff of tulle, are all worn in the hair, but the pretty jeweled hair pins of shell or gold or filigree are far and away more stylish.

A new reddish-brown is similar to the Bismarck brown of long ago. It is seen in rich dress materials, and also in cloths for outside garments. It is very effective when used to brighten sombre black toilet.

One of the newest long cloaks, which is particularly becoming to tall, slender figures, is close fitting at the back, the skirt folds being gracefully caught up just below the waist, the long, plain fronts falling loosely from the throat.

The preparation of the trousseau of the future Empress of China is under full headway, although the wedding will be in 1889. Thousands of hands are now busy, and it will be the greatest ever made. The hats are particularly numerous.

Plain velvets are being extensively imported, and are used for long Russian coats, for entire costumes, for cutaway jackets with fancy vests to be worn with wool skirts, and for the bodice and train worn with lace petticoats for full dress occasion.

One of the latest crazes among fashionable French ladies is to study astronomy. Many ladies are having small observatories built in their gardens. Another fashion is the collection of rare books, curious editions and beautifully bound volumes.

A tiny Spanish cap which fits the back of the head like a bowl is one of the pretty things which Parisian ladies wear with matinee gowns. The cap is of velvet edged with tiny golden pendants or coins. Its artistic effect is quite bewitching.

A novel fabric, suitable for "utility" dresses, shows stripes, woven to represent lines of braid sewn to the fabric. Wider stripes have six or eight rows of what appears to be soutache or diagonal braid, but which is really woven into the background.

"A string of pearls is worn about the neck," says a foreign fashion journal, but it does not say that they need be real gems. The Roman pearl or fish skin article is worn by young girls on whom any but the simplest of jewels look out of place.

A new bow, to be placed on the left side of bonnets, is called the ten-end bow. It has ten drooping ends of watered ribbon, cut bias and gradually lengthening toward the back, above which are four or five short standing loops closely strapped.

The dinner costumes this season as seen in the importations from Paris are very gay and full of lightness, no longer very décolleté they make up in dressiness for this lack, and the low cut neck is filled in with a very fine chemisette of tiny folds of Brussels net.

The season for making up remnants is at hand and if judgment and taste are called into play one may buy and have made up at reduced prices their next summer's wardrobe and rejoice when the warm season comes that the trial is over and done by this forehandness.

A pretty, though sometimes expensive, hair ornament consists of small side combs, less than two inches in length, of real or imitation tortoise shell, set with a row of real or imitation gems. These are worn either at the side or in the coil of hair surrounding the forehead.

The prevailing feature in tea-gowns is that of having the full front of some favorite dark shade, the gown itself being very light. The full fronts are made closer fitting by shirred stitches at the throat or waist-line, or using the back or plait there to shape the fullness to the figure.



## LUXURIES OF THE RICH.

### LAVISH MANNER IN WHICH SOME INCOMES ARE SPENT.

**A Yacht Whose Yearly Expense is a Fortune—Luxurious Bathing Pools—Roses that Cost \$200.**

Since the time when Caligula shod his horses with gold and fed them in marble troughs, the world's rich men have not spent money more lavishly than they do to-day. The Vanderbilt galleries of paintings were estimated to be worth more than \$1,000,000, and there are eighty rich families in New York who boast private collections of paintings each of which will average more than \$100,000 in value. Alexander T. Mitchell married off a niece shortly before he died, and the wedding cost him \$50,000. His son paid, not long ago, \$18,000 for a single picture, and his wife, having once sent him some fruit from the family orange grove in Florida, he remarked, as he looked upon the oranges, that they ought to be good, for they cost him \$200 apiece. Mitchell believed in getting the good of his millions, and he had before he died one of the most comfortable homes of the country. His table was laden during the winter with pineapples, strawberries and grapes, and his house was decorated with the rarest of flowers from its large conservatories. Mitchell had his special car, and this is a form of luxury which is very common among the millionaires of to-day. These cars cost all the way from \$15,000 to \$60,000 apiece, and there are about 200 of them now in the United States, representing a value of nearly \$5,000,000. The president of every railroad has his private car. President Cleveland took his wedding journey to Deer Park in the car of Robert Garrett. His Western trip was taken in Pullman's private coach, and he lived more comfortably on the road than in the hotels. Senator Stanford goes across the continent in his own conveyance, and Jay Gould travels in the same way.

The modern yacht is still more costly than the private car, and much more fashionable. The millionaire's yacht costs all the way from \$50,000 upwards, and yachts which cost over a hundred thousand dollars are not uncommon. Gould paid more than this for his yacht, the Atlanta, and the wages of the men employed upon her cost \$750 a month. In addition to this the running expenses of the yacht are, when Gould is upon her, from \$30 to \$40 a day, and among the employees are two waiters, two maids, a baker and four cooks. It requires fifty-two men to run the yacht, and its interior is elegantly furnished, the finishing being made of inland maple, butter-nut, cedar, and native hardwoods. Some of the rooms are finished in mahogany, and an estimate of the total cost of running the vessel is \$400 a day.

The music of some millionaires is very costly. Henry Marquand is reported as having recently bought a piano which cost \$5,000, and Jay Gould lately bought one which cost \$2,000. Judge Hilton, A. T. Stewart's executor, owns a \$2,500 piano, and C. P. Huntington owns one of the same value as that of Gould.

Among the millionaires who spend a part of their surplus income in flowers is Erastus Corning, of New York. He has thousands of these choice plants, and some of them cost several hundred dollars apiece. His gardener offered \$500 for an orchid at Mrs. Morgan's auction, but a flower fancier from New Jersey overbid him \$400 and got the orchid for \$900. Erastus Corning's green-houses cover about two acres, and his gardener has been in his employ for thirty years. He knows all about flowers, and it costs Corning a good salary to keep him. His flowers are of all kinds, and he raises oranges, lemons, and bananas in these green-houses. He has all kinds of tropical plants, and he welcomes visitors to his establishment. Jay Gould has seventeen green-houses, and beds of flowers of all kinds are scattered about the conservatory. His fern collection is especially fine, and he has orchids of many varieties. Alexander Mitchell's conservatory was 100 feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, and in it he had some plants which had cost as high as a thousand dollars. He had sixty-five varieties of palms, and the largest Indian-rubber tree in America. In the center of it spouted a fountain, and its walls were curiously decorated. Attached to the conservatory there was a green-house 500 feet long, and the plants of this were carefully classified. One hundred and fifty varieties of azaleas were kept there, and there were roses of nearly every known species.

Robert Garrett affects a gorgeous bathing-pool in his new million dollar house at Baltimore. The bath-room here is after the famous bath of one of the old French Kings. The ceiling represents a lattice, over which morning glories climb, and the bath-tub, or pool, is of silver and Tennessee marble. Its waters come through brass pipes and gold-plated fixtures, and its walls are richly decorated. Senator Palmer, the millionaire statesman from Michigan, has nine bath-rooms in his Washington home, and Henry Marquand has a bath-room which cost \$4,000. Its walls are wainscotted with cream-colored tiles. The ceiling is frescoed as a summer sky, and the marble bath is sunk down deep into the floor and reached by several steps. William H. Vanderbilt had a bath-room paneled in mirrors, so that when he bared his skin he seemed to be ten millionaires, and might hope to spend a part of his immense income. His son, William K. Vanderbilt, had also a bath-room walled with looking-glasses, and upon these were painted apple blossoms. The bath was a solid block of marble, and above it was a niche filled with a marble Venus apparently preparing to jump in. Another fine bath-room was that of the late millionaire Osborne, richly finished in Limoges tiles and elegantly decorated. Its bath was porcelain lined, and the pictures on the wall were Venus with Loves at a fountain. Nearly all of these noted bath-rooms are lined with mirrors, and there is a bath-room in New York which looks like a cave of white marble. Its walls, ceiling, and bath are all of marble and the only variations of tint are the silver fixtures.

One of the most extraordinary collections of paintings in the United States is that of the millionaire Walters, of Baltimore. Its value is at least \$1,000,000, and the collection of Japanese China and other porcelain is more than

\$500,000. The Peachblow vase and some of the pictures are worth several times a Congressman's salary. The collection is a museum, and it contains more than 4,000 objects. The first \$5 Walters ever made he spent for a picture. He has been adding to the collection ever since. —Chicago Herald.

### WISE WORDS.

We are martyrs to our own faults. You can hardly separate energy from business success.

Nearly all great men have had remarkable memories.

Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the feebleness of him that employs them.

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling enemy.

He who carries his bricks to the building of every one's house will never build one for himself.

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them, only small mean souls are otherwise.

The resolute alone can be truly good natured; those who commonly seem to be so are weak, and easily soured.

The destiny that shapes a man's end does not make a good shape without some little assistance on the part of man.

How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew.

Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of things. That means contentment in its best sense.

It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

More is felt than is perceived, and more is perceived than can be interpreted, and love climbs higher with its lambent flame than art can pile the fagots.

As the ivy twines around the oak, so do misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed, is not a plant of earthly growth. Her gardens are the skies.

Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised, but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked in the general run of the world.

### Grand Mount Shasta.

Between the great pines going up you see the religious dome of Mount Shasta, its snows and frowns so mixed that one views it with superstition.

Shasta is one of the finest mountains in America, a naked dome of rock, gravel and perpetual snow, made by a volcano and having two side-peaks or transepts, the whole mass standing up in white and dun in crazy-quilt patches of triangles of snow and ovals of rocks and slides of loam and gravel above a skirt of Oregon pines, which are of sombre green, and seem the kirtle of a huge, muscular, naked man, wearing a clout of green, as he kneels upon the plateau and surveys his brood of mounchy peaks extending around him in an amphitheatre of 100 miles.

There is but one Shasta, and he is a Sierra—one of the bold range beyond the Rockies, overlooking the Orient West. "There is the West; there is Europe," says the statue of Thomas Benton at St. Louis, pointing at the same time west.

There is a county of California called Shasta, and a range of mountains between the Sacramento River and the sea is called the Shasta Range. It is only a night's ride or a sleep of 340 miles between San Francisco and Mount Shasta, and in this ride you rise nearly 3,600 feet to Sisson, in strawberry Valley, from which Mount Shasta's peak is still 10,865 feet higher, or above the sea 14,440 feet.

It is 10,000 feet higher than the Luck Observatory on Mount Hamilton. This is the power of Mount Shasta—that it rises so grandly above everything else—not like Pike's or Gray's, one of large fields of mountains sitting around the white tablecloth of the skies. It seems the highest when you are at it, and looks to be inaccessible. The railroad keeps winding around its base as a wheelbarrow is guided through the steeples of a cathedral. It is more than twice the height of Mount Washington, and is seven-eighths of the height of Mount Blanc.—Anderson (Cal.) Enterprise.

### A Superstitious Waiter.

A traveler obtained a satisfactory breakfast at a Southern hotel in an ingenious manner. Having called for different items on the bill of fare with the unflinching result of hearing "all gone, sah," he fixed a stern look upon the colored waiter and exclaimed in deep tones: "Do you know where you will go to when you die?" The waiter trembled and did not reply, but he turned away, and with dispatch brought out a smoking breakfast of chicken and other fixtures of a good meal. It seems that he had reserved these delicacies for himself, but had been touched by superstition to produce them for the traveler.—Chicago Times.

### Story of the Dahlia.

No flower of the garden blooms more profusely and beautifully this fall than the dahlia. The plant was found originally in Mexico, and was similar to the single petaled specimens now popular. A plant was sent to Madrid in 1793, where it was seen in blossom by the Abbe Cavanilles, who named it after his friend, Professor Dahl, of Stockholm. In 1804 Humboldt went to Mexico and sent to Europe seeds of the wild dahlia, and from these seeds the plants now grown universally descended. By degrees it doubled and sprouted till it became the perfect flower we now enjoy.—Springfield Union.

### The Southernmost Capital.

It is not generally known that Washington is the most southern of the capitals of the great nations of the Northern Hemisphere. Madrid, Constantinople and Rome are even further north, while Paris is up in the latitude of Newfoundland, and London and Berlin are on the line of Labrador. St. Petersburg is on the same parallel as Greenland, and is 1,400 miles due north of Washington.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### Meats and their Accompaniments.

With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce; boiled turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black currant jelly or red; boiled fresh mackerel, gooseberry sauce; boiled bluefish, white or cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas and cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

### Staple Supplies.

A store-room should be well ventilated and so arranged that it will not freeze in winter. Flour should be bought by the barrel, but Indian meal is so apt to become infested with weevils that it should not remain much over a week on hand. Twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar is enough to keep in store, with ten pounds of the loaf and powdered. Coffee is improved by keeping in a cool, dry place, but loses in flavor if kept too long after roasting. Vinegar improves with keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply. Butter, lard and drippings should be stored in jars and kept in the coldest and driest part. Soap should be purchased by the box, taken out of the wrappers and stood in a dry place, as it improves by keeping. Starch is much cheaper by the box. Vegetables are best stored in a room by themselves.—Detroit Tribune.

### Making Soap.

By and by the farm wife will be busy about the soap making, and many inquiries will be made as to how it should be done. An experienced soap maker describes the usual method of making soap for scouring wool in wool factories. He writes: "The manner of making the different grades of commercial soap is essentially the same, though different kinds of fat may be used. It is always made on a large scale, in enormous vats or boilers. Several hundred-weight of crude soda ash is first dissolved in boiling water in the soap boiler, which is a huge circular iron vessel holding from 500 to 1,000 gallons, with a steam pipe in the centre. Half the weight of the soda in pure caustic lime is then added, and the mixture boiled. When the lime has rendered the soda caustic, the boiling is discontinued. Several hundred-weight of tallow are now put into the soap pan, which is a different vessel made of cast iron, to which heat is applied, either by means of furnace beneath it, or by steam carried by pipes around the bottom of the pan. The latter is the usual method. The pan usually holds several tons. After the tallow, cut up into pieces, is put into this pan, a quantity of the lye is added, the steam is turned on and the boiling continued until the lye is thoroughly incorporated with the tallow, and the whole becomes a pasty mass. Several shovelfuls of common salt are thrown in. This causes the lye to separate, and as the mass cools, the lye, deprived of its soda, is drawn off. Fresh lye is then added and boiled, and this is repeated until the tallow is saturated with the soda; that is, it will not take up any more. Water is now added until the proper consistency is reached. If resin is to be used, it is now added, and the mass again boiled. It is then run off into frames and molds, where it is allowed to solidify, and then is cut by wires into bars, dried, and packed in boxes. Two thousand pounds of yellow soap will require 1,000 pounds of tallow, 350 pounds of resin, with lye sufficient to make the whole a smooth, perfectly homogeneous and saponaceous mass." The figures given sufficiently describe the proportions of the materials, viz.: ten pounds of tallow and 350 pounds of resin make twenty pounds of hard soap.—New York Tribune.

### Useful Hints.

Cold black tea is said to be good for keeping the hair in curl.

If camphor is applied to a burn it will take out the fire almost immediately.

For frosting, whites of eggs beat up stiff in half the time if first cooled in the refrigerator.

Put a pail of water into the tubs directly after using, and they will not leak when wanted for use.

Let dishes be neatly washed, rinsed in hot water and drained, and then rub them until they shine.

Wetting the hair thoroughly once or twice a day with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Do not put irons on the stove to heat long before they are wanted, as an exposure to high heat will roughen and injure them.

Children's feet should be bathed in warm water every night in the year, rubbed dry and the stockings hung up so they will be well aired.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you have finished using it.

When you boil a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes the house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread.

Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in a piano, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in soft paper, in the inside corner, care being taken to renew it from time to time.

Pattern table cloths for very wide tables can be obtained at but little more expense than that by the yard, and with the manifest advantage of having the border across the ends as well as along the sides. The patterns, too, are usually far prettier than those of the linen by the yard.

Mr. Joseph Douon, who died at St. Augustine, Canada, recently, at the age of eighty-two years, left a widow aged eighty-one and sixteen children, 101 grandchildren and eighty-three great grandchildren, making in all a family of 300 persons. He had been married sixty-four years.

## MAMMOTH SILVER VAULTS.

### THE NEW RECEPTACLES FOR BULLION AT THE TREASURY.

**Burglar Proof Doors—How the Silver Will Be Stored—What a Burglar Might Expect.**

A Washington Star reporter, after visiting the new Treasury vaults for silver, accompanied by Civil Engineer Edwin C. Miller, says: A short flight of winding steps led down into the sub-basement, where the chill of the outside blizzard was intensified by a dampness that soon made the two visitors turn up their collars and shiver. A couple more turns brought them to a very ordinary wooden door, near which a number of men were sitting in front of a great safe. This is one of the "smaller depositories" and contains only a few millions," the reporter was told. One of these men brought the only candle the place afforded, a bit of tallow an inch long, and the three went through the door, which was then carefully closed, into a perfectly dark apartment, where the air, though very cold, was in contrast to that outside, being perfectly dry. On the right rose the foundation wall of the building, gray granite, and on the other was the new brick wall of the vault. The man with the bit of light went ahead and disclosed the door which is to guard the millions.

It is of iron, six inches in thickness, and weighs 5,000 pounds. It slides into the wall on the right, clearing half of the passageway, and requires the strength of five men to move it, without the aid of the mechanical device which it is proposed to put in place. The lock is a circular brass plate, about a foot in diameter, set an inch or so into the face of the door. The bolts are on the left hand, or east end of the door, and fit into slots in a massive iron let into the wall on that side, the door going nearly a foot into the face of the wall. They are moved into place by a turn of a large handle in the center of the brass plate, and when once shot cannot be turned back without the use of a small key that fits into a very ordinary looking key-hole on the upper rim of the plate. This lock is said to be one of the best in use for strength and reliability.

Once inside the door the vaults look very much like a jail room, except that on this occasion it was impossible to see half dozen feet away, owing to the feeble light of the candle. The walls are hollow, and are now entirely dry. It is intended to run steam pipes through from the main building, and to place incandescent lamps around the room so that it will be perfectly comfortable. The money is to be stored in sixteen cells, or rooms, arranged in two rows of eight each, separated by a passage way about four feet wide, with a door from each room opening into it. The partitions are made of iron lattice work, of strips about a quarter of an inch thick. At the corners of each room is an iron column formed by riveting together four pieces of iron shaped like a letter L and about fifteen feet long. These bear the entire weight of the arches and directly support a series of iron cross-beams or girders fifteen inches thick. Not long ago a rumor found its way into circulation that the weight of the roof had bulged the lattice work, thus indicating an early collapse of this storehouse for the Government's treasure; but as a matter of fact the lattice does not quite reach the roof, and the "bulging" was the result of the work of riveting, which took place after the strips were in position.

Mr. Miller thinks that the columns are capable of bearing a weight eight times heavier than that which now exists. The dimensions of the vault, outside measurement, are 60.10 feet by 97.8. This gives a surface area of 5,877.78 square feet. According to the nearest calculations the weight now to be supported is about 150 pounds to the square foot, and thus there is a total weight of 881,667 pounds.

Each room is twenty feet by ten, and about fifteen feet high. The silver dollars will be stored in boxes and in such a way that in the end of the room farthest from the door they will be piled high, and graded down to the entrance. It is expected that each room will contain eight millions if piled close to the top of the arches. This will make the total accommodations of the vaults equal to \$128,000,000. The doors of these rooms are fitted with locks so contrived that the watchmen cannot take the key out until the door has been securely locked, in this way preventing the door being left ajar. A three-foot passage runs around the vault, outside the rooms, with no connection with them except in the front, through a heavy pair of double doors.

The Star reporter tried to learn the thickness of the walls and layers of asphalt, but Mr. Miller was cautious, and said:

"They're thick enough!" "Yes, but how thick?" persisted the reporter.

"Well, about so thick—the walls!" with a wave of the hands that included anything from a six-inch stub to a five-foot wall.

At this the scribe withdrew from his attempt to penetrate the burglar proof secrecy that seems to surround the vault.

"If a man should get in here," remarked Mr. Miller, edging away from a small party that had entered while the first three were going through the rooms, "I say if a man got in here, which ain't very likely to happen, with these walls and these locks and guards, he couldn't do much damage. He might take a thousand dollars away, perhaps two, but it wouldn't pay him for his trouble. It would take ten or a dozen trips, back and forth, to make the experiment successful, and he'd be sure to be caught before he'd made one. You see," sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, and pointing significantly over his shoulder at the other visitors, "we've got more walls and locks and men around than you might think for."

Just then the candle flame began to sputter and give signs of expiring, and the party made rapid headway in the direction of the iron door. As they passed around this massive barrier, Mr. Miller's voice again assumed its cautious tone:

"When we get the windlass and crank attached here, it is going to be a hard job for any man to move this door, but when we take the crank away on locking up, it will be impossible to get in, even if one had a key, unless dynamite

—The suggested possibility was too much for him, and he was silent.

The construction of this vault was begun last summer, and the total cost of building has been about \$27,500. The engineer believes this to be the best ever built for the Government, having especial advantages of strength, dryness, economy of space and money and security.

### SELECT SIFTINGS.

February and January were added to the year by Numa, 713 B. C.

In one of the New York hotels the dining-room and kitchen are in the ninth story.

Polygnotus, who is said to have been the first portrait and historic painter, lived about 450 B. C.

The biggest tree in California is called the Keystone State. It is 325 feet high and forty-five feet in circumference.

We find from the entomologists that a single female house-fly is the progenitor of 20,080,320 other pests in one season.

New York was the capital of the State from 1784 to 1797, and the seat of the National Government from 1785 to 1790.

A half-bred Normandy horse lately drew a wagon with two men seventy-five miles in 8 hours 57 minutes, including an hour's rest.

The custom of having guards originated with Saul, 1093 B. C. Body guards to attend the English sovereign were appointed by Henry VII., in 1485.

Dispensaries to supply the poor with medical advice and medicines originated in London when the Royal General Dispensary was established in that city, as early as 1770.

The orange tree and the lemon are both descended from the citron. The history of the orange tree is said to date back to the crusades, the returning pilgrims carrying it into Europe 700 or 800 years ago.

A white deer, one of the rarest of animals, was killed recently in Clinton County, Pa., by Promontory Mann, of Sunbury. But three white deer have ever been killed before in that part of the State.

Game laws in England are a remnant of the forest laws imposed by William the Conqueror, who, to preserve his game, made it forfeiture of property to disable a wild beast, and loss of eyes to kill a stag, buck or boar.

A locomotive of a ballast train crossing Horn's Bridge, on the Pictou Branch Railway, broke an axle and the wheels dropped on either side to the bottom of the ravine, ninety feet deep, but the engine settled down and remained on the track.

A flock of twenty-three wild turkeys sailed slowly over the village of Rockville, Ga., the other day, and made the mouths of the local sportsmen water, and no one was lucky enough to bag any of the birds. Four of the turkeys were snow-white.

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently brought home a strange egg as a souvenir of a trip and placed it on the parlor table. One week later she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

The song of Moses is the most ancient of hymns, dating back to 1491 B. C. The Psalms date from about 1060 to 444 B. C., from David to Ezra. Hilary, Bishop of Arles, in France, is said about 431 to have been the first to compose hymns to be sung in Christian churches.

The wild geese are invading the Sacramento Valley to such an extent that the farmers are obliged to employ men to parade the fields with rifles to keep them from destroying the wheat. They come in flocks of thousands, and fifty acres of ground are said to have been covered with them at one time.

A Marshall (Mich.) man who had been badly cut and bruised over the eye applied a piece of raw beefsteak to reduce the inflammation. When he sought to remove it it was found (so the Detroit Journal says) that the tissue of the beef had grown into the cut and united itself to the flesh so firmly that it was necessary to have a doctor to cut it away.

### A Diet of Cough Lozenges.

Bernard Schrack, who has traveled a good deal all over the world, sat in the Girard House at dinner the other day. "Let me tell you," he said, "of a most remarkable experience I underwent in Montana in 1877. I reached Edmund's ranch in Forty-Foot Gulch one day in February. Nobody was at home and I sat down to wait. Pretty soon a big snowstorm came up and, sir, in less than two hours the snow had almost covered that shanty. It was a terribly hard winter in the Northwest, you may remember. Thousands of head of cattle perished and hundreds of ranchmen lost their lives. I was twenty-one days in that shanty. There wasn't much to eat when I went in and by the tenth day I had exhausted everything in the cabin that seemed likely to sustain life.

"On the fifteenth day the pangs of hunger became so great that I attacked a big box of cough lozenges that the ranchman kept for customers. I ate seventy packages of fifty lozenges each. Directions said 'take one every three hours until relieved.' I took them by the handful and still found little relief. Next I found a box of paste used by cigarmakers in tipping the ends of cigars. I lived on that paste for six days, and when they dug me out I was suffering from a severe cold—from the cough lozenges, I suppose."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Moslem's Sabbath.

The last Friday of Ramadan is the most sacred of all the Moslem Sabbaths. It is then that the great Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is most crowded with true believers, and the Giaour (Christian) is carefully excluded. A liberal "bachshees," however, secured for our party an entrance through a back door and along a dimly lighted tunnel, built in the massive outer wall, to a lofty gallery, from which the thousands of worshippers on the floor beneath the great dome looked like pigmies, and their voices, as they chanted in unison verses from the Koran, came up to us like the roar of old ocean in a storm. But more impressive still was the perfect harmony of motion—when some 5,000 prostrate worshippers rose to their feet, then bowed again to the dust, the effect was truly electrifying.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt suggests that instantaneous photography might be of assistance to ornithologists in photographing birds in their natural positions and studying their habits.

The American Light House Board is about to undertake experiments which will have an important bearing on the lighting of dangerous points in our rivers and harbors. It is nothing less than the lighting of buoys by electricity.

A pane made of white paper manufactured from cotton or linen and modified by chemical action, is the newest invention for stained windows. The paper so prepared is dipped into a preparation of alcohol and camphor, which makes it like parchment.

A new thing out is a clock, with ordinary works, that will run for a year without attention. An electric battery concealed in the case winds up the clock from day to day, or week to week, as the need may be. Once in a great while the battery must be renewed, but that is all the care the clock calls for.

Berlin will soon be the most brilliantly illuminated city in Europe. The electric light is being fitted all along the Unter den Linden, and the Leipziger Strasse, which is upward of a mile in length, is already illuminated throughout by electricity, which is to be introduced into all the principal streets and squares.

A wonderful fire-proof paint has been invented by Mr. A. Jamieson. According to the Electrical Review, a "shanty" of dry pine wood was covered with the paint, and by means of oiled shavings, two attempts to burn it were made, but without success. The hot fire was only able to char the face of the wood, and would not take hold of it.

The Royal Society of London furnishes some interesting examples of the longevity of men distinguished for scientific work. The average age of the fourteen fellows who died during the year was seventy-five years, the youngest, Dr. Wilson Fox, being fifty-six, and the oldest, Admirable Denham and Dr. Richard Quain, being eighty-seven.

The projecting of dynamite shells by gunpowder instead of by compressed air, which Lieutenant Graydon seems to have successfully accomplished, only marks an era likely to occur in the progress of such things. First Lieutenant Zalinski determines that such shells can be projected if great care is observed; then it is found that the whole matter is simple.

The interesting fact is stated that so indestructible by wear or decay is the African teakwood that vessels built of it have lasted 100 years, to be then only broken up because of their poor sailing qualities from faulty models. It also contains an oil which prevents spikes and other iron work with which it is in contact from rusting.

Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the Channel Islands farmers which will fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that, the heads being removed, they may be rolled up. They are made perfect cylinders, and therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels.

In France oyster culture has enormously increased. Some statistics which have just been published show that, whereas the French beds in 1876 produced only about 60,000,000 of oysters, during the last twelve months they have produced 600,000,000. The exports of oysters from France have increased proportionately. In 1883 she sent abroad 31,000,000 but this year the exportations are expected to reach 50,000,000.

A railway, consisting of a chain formed of a series of flat plates, seventeen inches long and thirteen inches wide, made of hard wood, riveted between two steel plates, is the latest solution of the problem of an endless railway, that is a road which is much a part of the vehicle as the wheels are. As the wheel revolves it moves along the bottom plate of the chain and brings the next plate into position without undue strain or friction. It has been used to good purpose in South America, and is now being used in the swampy land in Germany, where large beet root plantations are.

The ash from the volcano Cotopaxi has recently been analyzed at a certain place where it fell, a distance of 180 miles from the mountain. It was found to consist of quartz, felspar, magnetite, and specular iron ore. It is curious to note that silver was present in this ash to the extent of nearly two hundred grains per ton. This seems a very small proportion; but when we consider the amount of ash ejected during one eruption of the volcano, which is spread over the vast area indicated by the distance at which this sample was collected, it must be seen that the total quantity of the precious metal distributed throughout the dust is really enormous.

### Preocious Children in New York.

Shopping one day in one of the great New York emporiums, my change was brought to me so expeditiously by a bright-faced little maiden that I put some trifling question to her, and a conversation ensued which was very suggestive. I asked her at what time she reached home in the evening?

"Oh, in holiday week it's going on 12 most nights. You see, ma'm, we don't close up till half-past 9, and then there's putting away and getting off, and I live out at Kingsbridge, you know."

"What time are you here in the morning?"

"Half-past 7, sharp, if I don't want to be fined."

"How much do you make?"

"Three dollars a week, if I'm real smart. You see, I'm paid by check, as I run over so hard to get before the other girls."

"Aren't you tired?"

"Oh, yes; but—" a deep sigh; "Oh, well, it'll be better when I'm grooved a little; I'll be calmer then, and make five dollars and maybe more, if I'm real persevering."

The "real persuasiveness" of the intelligent saleslady has often occurred to my mind. To be real persuasive on the subject of a week argues a degree of philosophical wisdom of imitation.

Think of the position of this shanty, pretty, bright little maiden of going home night after night, the depth of winter by the 11 o'clock Public opinion is a very common to civilized life.—Buck.



# Arlington Advocate

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Marriages and Deaths—free.

## The Annual Contest.

All along the line the contending forces are mustering for the coming contest between the home and the saloon, made necessary by the law of the state which permits communities so disposed to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. With those who have self interest, desire for unusual profits, and the gratification of a vitiated appetite to unite them under a common banner, a word is only needed to muster every license man to vote that the saloon and bar-room shall have the protection of law. With the other party it is entirely different. Absorption in private business, fear of giving offense to a power known to be unscrupulous, together with ignorance as to the real merits of the case, are factors that make the rallying of those who would vote right if they voted at all a task of no small magnitude. It is therefore with especial pleasure that we commend to the careful attention of our readers the following address from the Mass. Total Abstinence Society,—an organization wholly unpartisan and unsectarian, banded together entirely in the interests of good order and temperance:—

"The annual recurring vote upon the question of whether or not licenses to sell intoxicating liquor shall be granted in the towns of the Commonwealth is soon to be taken. The large increase in the no-license vote of 1887 has exasperated the liquor traffic, and their determination to reverse the policy of the State in reference to the license system is assured by their increased vote in the late city elections. We are to meet an armed and aggressive foe, and an early and thorough organization of the no-license voters is imperative. There must be complete harmony and co-operation among all classes of temperance workers without regard to organization, creed or political affinity. Every no-license voter, without reference to opinions upon other phases of the reform, should stand shoulder to shoulder with every other opponent of the liquor traffic, subordinating minor differences to the success of the cause.

We especially appeal to the very large number of voters who in the past have failed to vote upon this question. We are confident that we have your sympathy and general approval, but we need your votes. The liquor traffic, having a peculiar interest to serve, brings out its entire vote. Will you not help us in this battle for the home as against the saloon? Will you refuse or neglect to vote on this important question that involves the welfare of all?

By your silence you give consent to the licensing of the saloons. A strong no-license vote in the State not only has the effect of placing a large number of our towns and cities under prohibition for the year, but it has a great influence upon the Legislature to increase the restrictions placed upon the traffic in the interest of the public welfare. Although your town may be unanimously opposed to license, do not fail to vote, that the aggregate "no" vote in the State may exceed as much as possible the "yes" vote.

The vending of intoxicating liquors for a livelihood is bad enough, but what can be said of the town that shares in the responsibility and guilt of that detestable business. License is wrong in principle, its restrictive provisions are never enforced; it serves the traffic; it curses the community, and is the avowed enemy of religion. Shall a great public evil be allowed to perpetuate itself on the one condition that it helps pay expenses? We appeal for a strong no-license vote for the honor and glory of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Let every good citizen do all that is possible to organize and bring out a full vote at the town elections soon to be held, and we shall insure the prosperity and happiness of thousands of families in which misery and degradation will prevail if the saloons are legalized in the towns of the Commonwealth.

We submit the following utterances of the late Judge David Davis to the careful consideration of our own readers:—  
"Each year every local paper gives from \$500 to \$5000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his own town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man to man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with more thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than a preacher or a teacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially; and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers are on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money of any man on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment."

The annual winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association will be held in Boston, next Tuesday, at U. S. Hotel.

## Gen. Sheridan in Boston.

The meeting of the Loyal Legion at the Hotel Vendome on Wednesday, with the General of the Army as the especial guest, may deservedly be classed in the first rank of notable reunions of men who were conspicuous by their loyalty to the Government a quarter of a century ago, when to be a loyal soldier or civilian meant a great deal more than it ever had before. No State in the entire nation can boast of a larger number of distinguished men who first acquired fame in the Rebellion, either in the field or the home duties, which were frequently no less important, than Massachusetts. The list of the most devoted soldiers and civilians of the old Bay State in the years from '61 to '65 reads remarkably like the list of her most honored citizens of 1888, save that death has made some gaps which a younger generation is beginning to supply. Massachusetts members of the Loyal Legion are themselves a remarkable circle of men, but the presence of the greatest soldier of the Union who still remains in the active service of the Government made the evening's gathering one amply worthy of remembrance. Though civilians figured largely, it was still in character chiefly a soldiers' reunion, resembling, perhaps, in the after-dinner hour, a camp fire more than anything else. General Sheridan received a soldier's welcome, which is doubtless the kind he finds most natural and congenial. He was greeted in effect by the entire Commonwealth, and not alone by the members of the Legion.—Boston Journal.

## Fighting the Saloon.

At the request of the committee chosen to carry out the following resolutions, we publish the same, and suggest that the Conference of this section take action along the same line. When the church is all right on this subject the contest between the home and saloon will be ended by the annihilation of the latter. We commend the resolutions to the careful consideration of all our readers:—

**Resolved:**—That the Barnstable County Conference of Congregational Churches, at their session at Harwich port, December 14th, 1887, passed unanimously the following preamble and resolutions:—

"WHEREAS, we believe that the Christian church should be an aggressive force in the moral regeneration of society, and that a true Christian citizenship involves the guardianship of the purity of the State and the sanctity and safety of the home, and

"WHEREAS, we believe that in the great national struggle between the home and the saloon, the Christian voters of the country ought to unite in taking an immediate and decided stand for the home, therefore,

**Resolved:** That we recommend to all the churches of this conference, to circulate in their respective parishes, the following pledge:—We, legal voters of—, hereby pledge ourselves, that we will not, knowingly, vote for any candidate for any office, legislative, executive or judicial, who will not endeavor, both by vote and influence, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

**Resolved:** That a copy of these resolutions be sent to all the conferences of our order, and as far as practicable, to all the religious bodies within the limits of this Commonwealth, and to all temperance organizations, inviting them to co-operate with us in this movement.

**Resolved:** That a committee of three be appointed by this Conference to further the objects of these resolutions; to secure united action thereon, by whatever methods may be, by them, deemed expedient, and take all necessary steps to secure the presentation of the signatures to the aforesaid pledge before the State and National Conventions of the political parties."

## Death of Albert Winn.

The winter of 1887-8 is likely to be remembered by Arlington people because of the large number of deaths among the elderly citizens if for no other reason. The most prominent victim so far is Mr. Albert Winn, whose death occurred last Monday night. For more than a year he has been in feeble health, but until a few months ago he was a frequent visitor at our office and other business places along the street where he was wont to tarry for a few minutes of pleasant chat about old times. At that time he was prostrated with partial paralysis, from the effects of which his energies have slowly waisted away until death came to him like a painless sleep.

Mr. Winn was born in Burlington, Mass., June 14, 1810, and belonged to the family of that name for so many generations having an influential place in the affairs of this section. The donor of the magnificent Woburn Library building and furnishings was a cousin entitled to the prefix of Hon., and another cousin, William, of Woburn, has served in public stations for more than fifty years. Mr. Albert Winn came to Arlington (West Cambridge) in 1830, finding employment among the farmers in the southerly part of the town, then beginning the business of garden farming which has since grown to the leading industry of this section, spending the larger portion of his time with his uncle Seth Frost and James Hill. Five years later Mr. Winn bought the larger part of

what is now known as the Winn estate, on Summer street, and there engaged in farming on his own account, very soon taking a place in the front rank of the successful farmers. Two years afterwards he was married to Miss Sarah Prentiss and together they were permitted to spend more than fifty years of wedded life and see grow up around them a family whose business success and standing in the community might well be their chief occasion for satisfaction and pride, although unusually successful in business and other directions.

The older people will not need a reminder of the fact that Mr. Winn was frequently called to serve his fellow citizens in public capacities during the more active period of his life, but any record of his life would be incomplete without the same. Chosen a member of the Board of Selectmen in 1847 he served continuously until 1853, and then again in 1856-7; also as assessor in 1849, 1866, '67, '68. Then again, in the higher place of representative to the Legislature, he was called to serve in 1854 and in 1862.

Even our young readers will remember Mr. Winn as president of the Savings Bank. He was deeply interested in the establishment of this most excellent institution, and on the formation of the corporation was chosen one of the directors (a position he held until death) and at the organization of the board he was chosen first vice-president. On the death of Mr. Butterfield (the first president) Mr. Winn was advanced to the head of the corporation and served in that capacity eleven years, when failing health required his withdrawal; but he continued in the directory as first vice-president.

Several years ago Mr. Winn was also active in church matters, serving the old First Parish on principal committees for several years, and never losing his interest in the old church.

Mrs. Winn survives her husband and there are two sons (Dr. Wm. A. and George P.) and one daughter to share with her the large property accumulated during the years of Mr. Winn's active life, and the sympathy and condolence of a wide circle of relatives and friends.

The funeral services were held in the First Parish church, yesterday afternoon, and nothing could better testify to the universal respect to his memory than the number and character of those who attended the ceremony.

## Legislative Notes.

Wednesday was the last date for the introduction of new business and a perfect avalanche of new and old business was dumped on the table of both branches, sufficient to keep the members together until next summer, if all is to be considered. We are more and more convinced each year that the people, and not the representatives, are responsible for the long sessions.

During the week the Beverly divisionists have been having an inning before the committee on towns, and their case being ended the remonstrants followed with what they could offer in rebuttal. The divisionists have made a strong and clear case, as we view the matter, and are fully entitled to be made into a separate township.

On the question of accepting the report of the Committee on the Liquor Law, inexpedient to legislate, on an order relative to legislation providing that no licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be issued, or shall have force or validity, after the thirtieth day of April next, Mr. Manning, of Worcester, said that he wished to explain the attitude of the committee. It was not to be understood, from this report and others like it, that the committee is opposed to prohibition. On the contrary, its members are strongly in favor of it. But it was believed that the pressing of the issue of statutory prohibition might jeopardize that of constitutional prohibition, and it was deemed best to subordinate all considerations of minor importance until the fate of that question is decided. So far as the petitioners for a prohibitory statute was concerned, they were acting honestly and in good faith. He could not, however, say as much for the order on which the report was based, that of Mr. Quincy, of Quincy, which order, he believed, contained more politics than prohibition. The matter was discussed somewhat at length by Mr. Quincy and others, and was finally disposed on a ye and nay vote accepting the report of the committee.

Mr. John K. Rogers, treasurer of the Boston Type Foundry Co., whose death occurred last week, was one of the veterans in the business and enjoyed the respect and confidence of men engaged in the printing business to a remarkable degree, having legitimately won the same by a long career of honorable dealing and brave triumph over business difficulties. He was ever ready to extend the helping hand to any needing his assistance.

The sidewalks in Boston are and have been in a most wretched condition. No attention seems to be paid to keeping them clear.

This has been the carnival week of sleighing parties.

"Rawson's Illustrated Hand-book" for 1888, containing a catalogue of seeds on sale at the warerooms of W. W. Rawson & Co., 34 So. Market street, Boston, is really a handsome book in its bright colors and artistic design. It is crowded with valuable information and has also a good picture of Mr. Rawson's home place, on Broadway, Mystic and Warren streets, Arlington. The book is profusely illustrated and is really a cyclopedia of information to the garden farmer or florist.

## Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 31, Albert Winn, aged 77 years, 7 months and 17 days.

In West Medford, Feb. 1, Sullivan Wellington, aged 74 years, 2 months and 29 days. Formerly of Lexington.

In Lexington, Jan. 29, Mary D., wife of G. F. H. Paul, aged 40 years.

## Small Farm to Let.

Will be let for a term of years the farm formerly owned by Dea. Luke Wymen, deceased, and occupied several years by Mr. Basine. 11 acres of land, two-story house, large barn and sheds, all in thorough repair.

Apply to H. MOTT, 16b417

## Market Man Wanted

A competent man to do the Marketing of a GARDEN FARM and general work as required. Must be well recommended. Address: Box 136 ARLINGTON, Post Office.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of MARTHA B. HUDSON, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING: Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Leonard A. Saville, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minute-Min, a newspaper printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Sw. 27 Jan.

## SLEIGHING PARTIES.

## The RUSSELL HOUSE,

LEXINGTON,

is now open. Orchestra for dancing every evening. P. O. Box 40, Lexington. Telephone 6606.

## F. H. NOURSE,

Insurance, Real Estate, & Collection Agent, City and Country.

House, Central Street, Winchester.

Office, Room 80 Mason's Building, Kilby St., Boston.

AGENT FOR AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

(Cash Capital, \$4,000,000.00)

of Hartford, Ct. Quincy Mutual and

Merrimac Mutual. Sm13Jan

## BOSWORTH & FRENCH,

PLUMBING,

Steam and Hot Water Heating.

AGENTS FOR THE

Pentecost

Steam & Hot Water

Heater.

Which is especially

adapted for the heating

of Private Dwellings,

Stores, etc., at a moderate cost.

For Economy it Can

Not be Excelled.

7 Appleton St.,

Boston.

Telephone 4013-3.

## When in Boston

Get a Good Dinner at the

Oak Grove Farm Cafe

Which made such a reputation at the Mechanics' Fair, No. 418 WASHINGTON ST., opposite

Summer. Send for a Bill of Fare—25

Idoctm

## H. E. SHEPARD,

Piano Tuner.

Pianos tuned and repaired in first-class

manner.

F. O. Box 270, Arlington, Mass.

## FOULDS' POOR RICHARD SAYS

"Fools make faults and wise men eat them," but foolish or wise, every family should have on their breakfast table that delicious cereal food,

Fould's

WHEAT GERM MEAL,

because it cooks quickly,

is wholesome and delicious.

If you have never tried it, buy a package of your grocer to-day, for

as Poor Richard says, "One today is worth two tomorrow."

Send every where in two-penny package, 15 cents.

Cut this out.

## Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank

After January 1st, 1888, the bank will be open for business on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.; on Wednesdays, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.; on Saturdays, from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Deposits draw interest from the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

ABEL A. FROSTON, Treasurer.

# Arlington INSURANCE Agency.

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON, Agent.

\*Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Concord.  
\*Traders and Merchants Insurance Co., Lowell.  
\*Citizens' Mutual Insurance Co., Boston.  
\*Connecticut Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.  
\*The Commercial Union Ins. Company, London.  
\*Rochester German Ins. Co., Rochester, N. Y.  
\*Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Worcester.  
\*Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Salem.  
\*American Insurance Co., Newark, N. J.  
\*Phoenix Assurance Co., London.  
\*North American Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.  
\*Spring Garden Insurance Co., Phil., Penn.

OFFICE:

Savings Bank Building, Arlington. Wednesdays, 7 to 8. Saturdays, 7 to 9 p. m.

BOSTON OFFICE:

No. 19 Exchange Place.

\*Return premium 70% on 5 year policies.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance placed in all responsible Companies having business in this State.

# GEO. W. GALE.

We have a full assortment of

# CYPRESS LUMBER.

336 Main St., Cambridgeport.

Money to Loan at Low Rates on Real Estate Mortgages.

Real Estate Purchased and Sold or Leased

J. CANNETT LITTLEFIELD,

Railroad and Water Bonds

Equitable Building, Cor. Milk and Devonshire Sts., Boston.

A Comfortable Place, Polite Attendants, and Skilful Workmen

are some of the inducements which lead Cambridge people and residents of the adjacent towns to have

Their Pictures taken at

PATCH BROS.,

NEXT TO BECK HALL, NEAR HARVARD SQUARE.

Mr. Tupper, the Manager, has always had signal success with his patrons. If they have been particular, he has been so too. If they are troublesome, he is patient. His ideas are to serve the public in the fullest extent, and he has brought the cream of society to his studio by so doing.

## WARD & CO'S DEPOT MARKET,

165 FRIEND ST., BOSTON.

Price List.

BEEF.

Sirloin Roast 18

Face or Neck Rump 15

Chl. Butts & Ribs 10 12

Lib Roast 1st cut 12

" 2nd cut 12

" 3rd cut 10

STEAK

Rump 20 and 25

Sirloin 18

Round 12

Rib 12 12

Chicago Rump 15

CORNER BEEF.

Fancy Brisket 10

Lean ends 7 and 9

Sticking piece & Flank 5

Corned Tongue 12

Corned Shoulder 8

Chops (trimmed) 14

Pork Steak 12

Roast Pork 10

Salt Pork 10

10 Fore Quarter Mutton 6

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO BOARDING HOUSES & DINING ROOMS

We give a new Price List each Month.

We receive every week 1 CHOICE Vermont and

New Hampshire BUTTER, in prints and 5 pound

boxes. NO buttering or oleo. Also Fresh EGGS.

Poultry always on hand at Boston prices.

Orders left in the morning will be ready for

afternoon trains. Satisfaction guaranteed. One

price to all. Open from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. pre-

cisely. Saturday evening 9.30.

## Arlington Bakery,

N. J. HARDY, Proprietor.

No Rolls, Biscuit, and Fresh

Bread daily.

NOT BROWN BREAD AND BAKED BEANS ON SUNDAY.

Teams go through the streets each day to leave

bread and take orders.

Pain and Fancy Cake.

ICE CREAM to order, in large or small quantities.

Catering in best manner for small or large parties.

Special attention to filling wedding orders.

ABEL LAWRENCE,

HARNES MAKER,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Next door to Chas. Gott, and opposite Arlington

House. Trunks and valises repaired. New

work of every description in the best possible

manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

## Vocal Culture.

Miss Edith Hammond Ring

Will take a limited number of pupils in Vocal

Culture. For terms, etc., address, care Box

94, Arlington Heights, Mass.

## J. Henry Hartwell,

ARLINGTON, MASS.,

Funeral Director

Will attend to the care and preparation of bod-

ies constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and SOFAS.

Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and

Flowers furnished where desired. Warerooms

and offices

BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE 6606.

Residence on Myrtle street.

Funeral Director

Will attend to the care and preparation of bod-

ies constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and SOFAS.

Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and

Flowers furnished where desired. Warerooms

and offices

BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE 6606.



#### EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The election of officers will soon disturb the quiet waters of our town.

Mr. Arthur Bryant, of Chicago, made a short visit to his old home this week.

Sleigh riders are still jolly, and our streets are filled day and night with their merriment.

January took its exit without a thaw. What a wonder; but it probably took a "leap into February."

Have you hired a box in the post-office, or are you still a sharer with some one else? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Mrs. Everett Cutler and family entertained a sleighing party from Arlington at their home in the south part of the town, Monday evening.

Mr. Abbott Mitchell has many calls in the auctioneer business, and to-day he sells at auction the wood on land formerly owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerry.

The intense cold Saturday night did not prevent numerous people from witnessing the lunar eclipse. The dull coppery hue which the moon presented gave a strange coloring to the atmosphere. Much of value has been added to science by the observations which were taken.

"Cold, colder, coldest," was the exclamation of every one Sunday morning, but when the sun shines, even if the mercury is frozen, our churches are better filled than on a stormy Sabbath. Rev. Mr. Thompson preached a good sermon from these words: "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Matthew vi: 13 and 14.

A "coal wedding" was recently celebrated, the happy couple having been married two years. With the advance in the price of coal, this novelty in wedding anniversaries is certainly very opportune. Though rather a cumbersome present for the givers to bring, the receivers would not fail to find a receiptable and could easily imagine it a diamond wedding.

Our young people have enjoyed many sleigh rides but it was a little difficult last week to decide whether there was sufficient pleasure to compensate for the intense cold which even the youngest could hardly resist.

Mr. Lowe evidently feels that the more competition there is in trade the better it is, so he is going to cast his lot in the provision business with others at the Centre, and let East Lexington stay out in the cold.

A recent resident in our village expressed great surprise that we have no local physician here. This speaks well for the healthfulness of the place, and we have good neighbors who are always willing to lend us either allopathic or homoeopathic.

The Roundabout Club having been the rounds, have derived so much pleasure from the gatherings that they decided to have another series and met last week at Mr. Edwin Spaulding's, and last evening held their meeting at Mr. Franklin Alderman's.

Dr. Alderman has an extensive practice and we understand is quite successful as a veterinary surgeon. A tender watchful care over the brute creation, which cannot speak for themselves, is one of the beneficent institutions of the present day.

The dramatic entertainment comes off this evening. Be sure and go and invite all your friends. The play, "Naval Engagements," is first-class, the actors better than imported talent, the object a noble one—to lend a helping hand to our soldiers who fought so bravely in our late war. Come one, come all.

The Selectmen are taking account of stock, this being the close of the financial year. With the growth of our town the duties of our town officers increase, and with an effort to keep pace with the times in improvements they have striven to keep a comparative low rate of taxation.

Even at the eleventh hour we extend our heartiest congratulations to our editor and wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedded life, with the earnest hope that their lives may be spared until they shall celebrate their golden wedding.

#### A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 1, '88.

As February is the "pneumonia month," on account of its high, swift winds, and unusually humid atmosphere, it occurred to me that it would not be amiss to give my readers a few facts that I have gleaned from interviews with popular physicians, and personal observation. The best authorities pronounce pneumonia "a house disease." This means simply that the membranous lining of our throats and lungs are apt to become weak and irritated from the constant inhalation of over-heated, vitiated air. Then, as pneumonia is a germ disease, it follows that if cellars are dirty, or there are pest places in other parts of the house that the result is generally disastrous. The well known Dr. Seibert cites a case where in examination of the lungs of a man who had died from pneumonia, the very same germ poison was found as had been previously discovered in the cellar. "There is no surer way for a woman to get pneumonia than to bundle herself up, and sit by the register day in and day out," another physician told me. "When at last necessity drives her out of doors, the cold air strikes a coddled, flaccid surface, all unprepared for such a change, and the result is congestion."

"What is the remedy?" I asked.

"First and foremost," he replied, "daily exercise in the open air, cold or warm, rain or shine. By this I do not mean the exercise that comes from shopping. A walk from two to five miles a day, will keep most any woman in good health. Then if furnaces and basement heaters must be used, there should always be large vessels of water upon them, and they should be kept filled. Then the windows should be opened several times a day and the air changed in all the sitting rooms. I go to my patients," he continues, "from the pure, life-giving air outside, and it is often as much as I can do to keep my temper in the stifling, mal-odorous rooms. My most remunerative patient is a lady who cannot breathe without a chill, or step into a room the temperature of which is less than 76 degrees without an attack of something or other. She will be a fool, and I make her pay for the privilege. If you have any influence, use it with your own sex in these matters of health. Drive them out of doors, and don't forget about the water on the furnaces and heaters, for this is of vital importance." I wish I could so present these facts that they would strike home, but I fear that women who think they cannot leave their own firesides in cold weather, will continue to think so. But how cross and ugly it does make them, and how soon they grow old and unattractive, besides exposing themselves to all sorts of diseases.

Dr. Edward McGlynn attended the annual dinner given by Sorosis on the evening of the 29th. He declined to make a speech, but was very social and entertaining. The Rev. Anti-Poverty, he is a great favorite with the ladies, and his bon mots are said to be strikingly original and amusing. One of the ladies had a copy of this week's Puck, with George and McGlynn trying to warm themselves by a candle placed inside of a stove. The likenesses are wonderful. Both men seem to be gazing wistfully into the future while the Rev. Pentecost tries to warm his hands in the rear.

"Yes, they are smart boys down there," said the priest, good naturedly. Caricature was once considered a deadly insult, but it is now looked for and enjoyed even by its victims. President Cleveland is said to derive the deepest pleasure from cartoons of himself, and the more ridiculous they are, the greater the fun. Mr. Blaine, on the contrary, is said not to relish them.

Literary workers and others who like to keep posted upon literary matters, should provide themselves with "The Writer," a monthly magazine crammed full of things that laborers in the vineyard can certainly not afford to dispense with. It is published in Boston, and is certainly cheap enough, one number ten cents, twelve numbers one dollar. This magazine is particularly useful to young writers. To use a Yankeeism, it is the cutest publication I have seen for many a day.

ELEANOR KIRK.

In the February St. Nicholas Mary Hallock Foote has drawn the frontispiece; -- two young housekeepers in consultation over family affairs. A touching Russian Christmas story by Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Michael and Feodosia," begins the number, and is appropriately illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Mrs. Burnett completes "Sara Crewe" by a very delightful happy ending. Mr. Chas. H. Webb contributes a stirring account of the "Diamond backs in Paradise," telling of the rattlesnakes encountered during a winter in Florida. In "The story of an old bridge" will be found a historical sketch of London bridge and the great events with which it has been connected, illustrated with drawing by Peters and Brennan, and by other pictures. The high tides of the Bay of Fundy are explained in an amusing story, "A legend of Acadia," by C. F. Holder; and Lieut. Schwatka, in "How a great Sioux chief was named," gives the origin of the name Spotted Tail, and incidentally, of other similar appellations. Other interesting features are "A wonderful wall," with curious pictures by the author, S. Mary Norton; an answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem, "My Other Me," by Alice Wellington Rollins; and the usual pictures jingles and departments.

#### FINE BUILDING LOTS!

A piece of Land extending from Mt. Vernon street to Elmhurst Avenue, in Arlington, a distance of 42 rods, with a frontage of about 12 rods on each street. For particulars inquire of Silas Peabody, Wakefield, Mass.

**DON'T** Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear. Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to your advantage to try Pearline. JAMES PYLE, New York. Sold Everywhere.

#### House, Barn, 2 Acres of Land FOR SALE.

The estate on Arlington Avenue, near Brattle street, Arlington, at present rented by O. M. Winship, is offered for sale. The house is large, roomy and convenient, supplied with modern conveniences, and the whole estate is peculiarly desirable for any one desiring a place where there is land to cultivate. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to CHARLES S. PARKER, Real Estate Agent, Arlington.

#### Small Farm, House, Barn, etc.

There has been placed in the hands of the subscriber, FOR SALE, a conveniently located estate having what so many desire and so few can find, ample land for a small garden. Farm is near the center of Arlington, convenient to the steam railroad depot, the horse cars pass it, and it has other advantages which will be named on application to CHARLES S. PARKER, Real Estate Agent, Arlington.

#### A. S. MITCHELL, Auctioneer.

East Lexington. BOSTON Office: 113 Devonshire St., Room 51, may 6.

Yards at Arlington, Arlington Heights and Lexington.

#### Warren A. Peirce, DEALER IN COALS,

Wood, Hay, Straw, Grain, Lime, Cement, Plaster, HAIR, FERTILIZERS, ETC.

Orders by Mail or Telephone will receive prompt attention.

Best Qualities of Coal Furnished at Lowest Prices.

Box 175, Arlington. Telephone, Arlington, 681A.



#### CALVIN ANDREWS, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable, Buchanan Court, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegram promptly attended to. Hack and carriages furnished for funerals, weddings, parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special rates will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

#### D. F. TRIPP, Concrete Paving AND GRAVEL ROOFING.

Residence, Corner of Irving and Garret Sts., Mabley WATERTOWN, Mass.

#### ELMER A. WINSHIP, Upholsterer & Furniture Repairer.

Will answer all calls for work at houses, and am sure of giving satisfaction. Samples of goods furnished. Cash chairs, 65 cents; patent seat, 50 cents.

P. O. BOX 395, ARLINGTON, Mass.

#### David Clark, ILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.



#### Hacks, Barges, and Teams, Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc. Telephone No. 6811.

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Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for buildings as desired. Personal attention to all orders. 25may88

#### W. H. H. TUTTLE, Attorney and Counsellor-at-law OFFICE:

47 Devonshire St., BOSTON. Arlington Office No. 2 Swan's Block. Arlington hours, 7 p. m. by appointment before 9 a. m.

#### WINN'S ARLINGTON & BOSTON EXPRESS.

OFFICES: 33 COURT SQUARE, - BOSTON. POST OFFICE, - ARLINGTON. Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 9 P. M.

#### Frederick Lemme FLORIST.

CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS, Bouquets, Anchors, Crowns and Cresses FLORAL DECORATIONS Of every description.

PLANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED SOIL.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON, MASS. Telephone No. 6792.

#### CHARLES GOTT, Carriage Manufacturer

AND BLACKSMITH, Arlington Ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington

Particular attention paid to HORSESHOEING.

Has, already finished and in course of building, HEAVY HARVEY & MANURE WAGONS, SLEIGHS, FUNDS, ETC.

REAL ESTATE matters will receive prompt and personal attention. C. S. PARKER.

#### Dr. J. I. PEATFIELD, DENTIST,

Rooms 4 & 5 Savings Bank Building, Arlington.

Special Attention Given to Filling.

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Arlington, Mass. Orders left at Advocate Office will receive prompt attention.

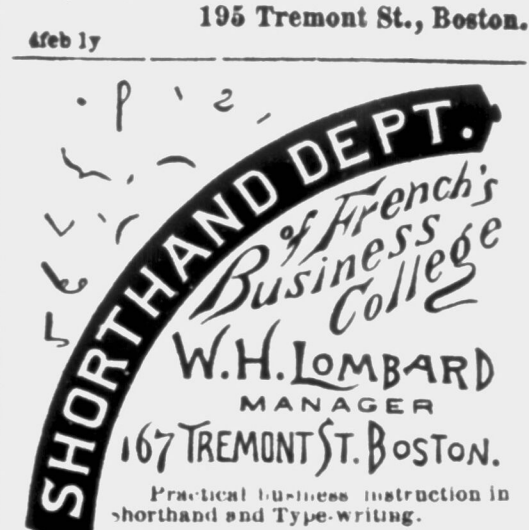
#### Estey Organs

Remarkable for Richness of tone, Reliability of construction & Reasonable prices. Warranted for five years.

Easy terms, Cash or Instalments. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

Estey Organ Co., 195 Tremont St., Boston.

After July



#### JOB PRINTING in all its branches, at No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington.

THE BEST PRACTICAL ART MAGAZINE.

A Superb Colored Plate with Every Number.

15 Months for \$4.00!! (Regular Price, \$5.00.)

Send this advertisement and \$1.00 (subscription price for 1888) Direct to the Publisher before JANUARY 1st, and you will receive

#### The ART AMATEUR

From October, 1887, to October, 1888.

15 Beautiful Colored Plates Fac-Similes of Portrait, Fruit, Flower, Marine and Landscape Studies, equally suitable for copying or framing.

140 Pages of Useful Designs. In black and white, working size, admirably adapted for Oil and Water Color Painting, Tapestry, Embroidery, China Painting, Church and Home Embroidery, Wood Carving, Brass Hammering, and other Art Work.

300 Pages of Practical Text. Richly illustrated, and crowned with interesting and valuable articles, with abundant hints for Home Decoration.

NOW is the time to send, together with this card, Four Dollars for 1888, and receive also

3 Months Free!

Including three particularly fine colored plates, namely: A magnificent study of "Grapes," by A. J. H. Way; a charming "Landscape," with windmill and figures, by W. H. Hilliard; and a richly colored study of "Pansies," by M. Lamb. Address

Montague Marks, 23 Union Sq., New York.

P. S.—Five different Specimen Numbers, with Five Beautiful Colored Plates, will be sent on receipt of this paragraph and One Dollar (regular price \$1.75). Address as above.

(NASBY'S PAPER.)

#### THE WEEKLY Toledo Blade!

1888.

The leading Republican newspaper of the country. The most popular Family Weekly, with the largest and widest circulation. The management of the BLADE have at great expense extended their facilities for the purpose of meeting the extraordinary demands of the campaign year. In 1884 the BLADE had 200,000 subscribers. In 1888 it will be prepared to meet promptly the demands of 500,000 subscribers. At the low price of

One Dollar per year.

The BLADE gives more reading, better departments and later news than any of its competitors. It is the only paper that publishes the world-renowned

NASBY LETTERS.

It is the largest dollar paper published, and its departments so carefully edited that it can not help but interest each member of every family. In fact the BLADE

Has not an Equal.

A specimen copy will tell more than we can give in this advertisement. We therefore invite every body to send their address on a postcard for a specimen copy. Send the address of all your friends at the same time.

Confidential to Agents.

For clubs this year we pay the largest cash commission for new subscribers that we have ever paid, or ever paid by any paper. Write us for our confidential terms to agents. It is easier to raise a club for the BLADE than for any other publication, and an active worker can earn \$2.00 to \$5.00 per day on the terms we offer. Single subscribers will receive one dollar for one year. Everybody invited to send for free specimen or terms to agents.

Address

THE WEEKLY Toledo Blade, Toledo, O.

on Pike Place, Arlington, Mass. Especially for the owners, containing modern improvements and conveniences, characteristically located, are offered FOR SALE on easy terms, at prices that merit to be considered an investment. For particulars see terms, etc., apply to CHARLES S. PARKER, Real Estate Agent, Arlington.

#### WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH. All the PATTERNS you wish to use during the year for nothing (a saving of from \$3.00 to \$4.00) by subscribing for

#### THE ARLINGTON ADVOCATE OR THE LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine

With Twelve Orders for Cut Paper Patterns of your own selection and of any size. BOTH PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR, FOR—

\$3.50 (THREE FIFTY) IN ADVANCE.

#### DEMOREST'S THE BEST

Of all the Magazines.

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Stoop to no words that, rank and fell,  
Grow faster than the rustling corn.  
With gladdening eyes go greet the sun,  
Who lifts his brow in varied light;  
Bring light where'er your foot may run;  
So bring a day to sorrow's night.  
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

## AN OLD FRIEND OF PAPA'S.

BY P. SAINSBURY.

It was a cold night. I drew my chair closer to the blazing fire, and rested my feet on the fender, and gazed with satisfaction at the miniature reflection of my comfortable room in the polished knobs of the andirons. Comfortable! Yes, that expressed it well. It might have been called elegant had there been a woman's hand to add to the graceful finish which a bachelor's apartment always lacks, no matter how handsome or costly its furniture may be. However, I felt well contented with my quarters, and in spite of forty years, a few gray hairs, and a rapidly increasing tendency to baldness, I knew that a handsome face and good income were things that no rational woman would despise; so I had put off the evil day of slavery from one year to another, and enjoyed my liberty, my club, and it may be also my solitude, too much to be in haste to take upon my shoulders the responsibility of married life.

But on this memorable evening there had come a letter from my father. The dear old man said he was failing (a mere notion of his), and his one wish was to see his only son married and settled before he departed this life. It was only fair that I should humor this fancy of one who had gratified every wish of mine since I was able to ask for anything, so I sat there musing and making up my mind that the time to sacrifice my freedom had come.

I had always intended to marry, but I thought of it only as a duty to be performed some time in the dim future, a long way off. However, the time had now come, so it was best to have it over quickly. I passed in review the women of my acquaintance, from blushing debutantes to those who had seen nearly as many seasons as myself, but my heart beat no faster as, one after another, I recalled their faces. The clock on the mantel struck nine, and with a sigh I took my feet off the fender, stretched myself, gave a last look at the roaring logs, and passed into my dressing room. This will be a good opportunity, I thought, of singling out what sort of a woman will be likely to make me most comfortable, and least likely to upset my bachelor habits. I gave a well-sifted look at my face in the glass as I brushed my hair. Few women would say nay to such a reflection, joined to a solid bank account.

A debutante, or a woman of sense? There I wavered. Would it be best to take a girl whom I could form, or a woman of the world who would not expect too much? Such, for instance, as Mrs. A., for whose ball I was dressing—a charming little widow of three and thirty or thereabouts. By the time I was dressed and ready to start it was after ten, and debutantes were in the ascendant. The first thing was to pick out the one I fancied, and then to pay her marked attention. I smiled, thinking how pleased the dear old man would be to know how soon all would be settled. My hostess greeted me most cordially; it seemed to me that mine was a warmer welcome than that bestowed upon her guests in general. She was charming, and it would be a pleasure to see her sitting opposite at dinner or entertaining one's friends. Yes, the widow was certainly a beautiful woman; perhaps a little too much of the world, worldly; but one cannot have everything.

I passed on, and dropped into a chair beside a bright, clever young girl; she looked pleased as I took the vacant seat and opened a lively conversation; but to-night I noticed more than ever a tendency to defer to me, as if one must not assert one's self too strongly in the face of age. It irritated me; surely I was not so old as all that! Presently a younger man came up and took a seat on the other side of her—a stupid young ass, I thought him—and it struck me that I would be doing her a kindness to remain and deliver her from boredom. It was very annoying that whenever she turned her head to speak to him her voice dropped so that I could not hear what was being said. Soon I found my self left wholly to my own entertainment, so I took the hint and walked away; but not before I had heard the youth ask, in a stage-whisper: "Who is the old party?"

So it had come to that! I strolled into the conservatory, and while wandering up and down there I heard the voice of an old college chum whom I had not seen for months. What he was saying I could not hear, and without stopping to think I hastily sought the dim end of the conservatory, from which his voice came.

"Well, old man, I am glad to find you once more," I cried, pushing aside the branches of some plants which hid him from view.

Oh, my unlucky star! I had put my foot into it again. Instead of the warm reception I had counted upon, there came an awkward pause, in which it seemed to me that my friend was doing his best to get as far from a very pretty young lady as the small bench upon which they were seated would allow, while she diligently studied the painting on her fan.

I bolted. "De trop, de trop," I said to myself. There seemed to be no place for me in this gay assemblage. I left the conservatory and made my way back to my hostess. There was old Jim Randolph, a widower and a man of fifty or more, talking to her as if his life depended upon it, and I flattered myself that here at least I would be welcome; but it gave me the uncomfortable feeling of having intruded when I heard him say in an undertone, as he rose: "May I come to-morrow and see you alone?"

Never had I found the widow so hard to talk to as now; she was preoccupied and absent.

"Almost as well as you do," she replied; and rising from her seat, she added: "Come, I will present you to his daughter; she has just returned from traveling abroad, and has been out very little, so you must try to be nice to her."

And before I had time to object, she had marched me off and presented me. "An old friend of your father's, Alice," she added, after the formal introduction had been gone through.

Now that was really spiteful, and I was so occupied in trying to discover how I had deserved such treatment at her hands that I stood there like a dummy until I heard a voice saying: "Were you really a friend of papa's at college?"

"No, my dear young lady, I was not," I answered, with much irritation. "Your father graduated years before I was old enough to enter a college; but it pleases our friend Mrs. A.—to make me out a regular old fossil to-night."

"But papa is not so very old," said my companion, in surprise. And now for the first time I noticed how very lovely she was, and wished myself in Guinea for having given such an answer. She would be sure to put me down as a crusty old bachelor after that, and it was all the widow's fault. I would get even with her for it.

Never before did I remember to have met so interesting a girl, and yet one who seemed so totally unconscious of her charms. I went to work in good earnest to try and obliterate the unpleasant impression my first speech must have made. Finding she bore me no ill-will for it, we were soon deeply engaged in comparing notes on our travels, and for the first time that evening I felt that I was appreciated.

All too soon it came to an end, for a miserable young whippersnapper appeared, and bore her away for a waltz. She was too sensible a girl to care for such senseless amusement, I thought; but as I watched her gliding gracefully about with her partner, there was no mistaking her expression for anything but one of thorough enjoyment. Why had I never waltzed? Was it too late to begin now? But what was I coming to?—John Graham, who had always reined at dancing in general as a pastime fit for idlers, to think of taking it up at this late day! And all because a pretty girl, whom I had known but half an hour, looked happy as she whirled away, and made me jealous of the young idiot who had carried her off. I must be drifting into my second childhood.

I had started out that evening perfectly self-satisfied, and feeling that my presence was something most desirable; yet as I walked home two words kept ringing in my ears—*de trop, de trop*. For the first time I had felt out of place. When I reached my apartments I walked straight to the mirror. Aging! yes; there were lines in my face I had never seen before; and the longer I looked the lower fell the mercury of my spirits. I dropped into my arm-chair in front of the dying embers. Long I sat there thinking. My cozy apartment struck me as cold and cheerless; it needed something—the woman's hand probably; and yet I had never missed it before. When at last I rose and went into my bedroom, it was as another man; my self-conceit was falling away, and I was learning to know John Graham as he really was, not the man my fancy had pictured to me for so many years. The fulfillment of my father's wish did not seem so easy; and instead of writing to him immediately, as I had intended, I put it off from day to day, not because I had given up the intention of gratifying him—far from it. Marriage had never seemed so desirable to me; but as the desirability advanced, my qualifications for it diminished in my own eyes.

"There is no fool like an old fool." How often I had quoted the old saying! but I had never thought of applying it to myself. It came home to me now, and rang in my ears as if I could never get rid of it. I suppose I was an old fool to all outward appearance, for I never had found Jim Randolph attractive before, yet now hardly a day passed but I managed in one way or another to meet him. In due course of time I was invited to the house; I called; I dined there; I dropped in of an evening, generally choosing those which Jim spent at the club or in visiting the widow, to whom he was now very devoted. Sometimes I saw Alice alone, but more frequently there were other visitors, and never could I flatter myself that she treated me more kindly than the others. She was cordial and pleasant to all. She often referred to our first meeting, and insisted upon regarding me as a friend of her father's. At least it was as such that she invariably introduced me to her friends; but once or twice I thought I detected a spice of mischief in her eyes on such occasions. One day I had dropped in early in the afternoon, and after a delightful chat with her, in which I felt that I had made greater progress than ever before, I asked her if she would go skating with me.

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," she answered; then dropping her eyes demurely she added: "I know papa will not object, though he rarely allows me to go out alone; but he said he always felt as if I were well chaperoned when you were with me, being such an old friend of his, you know."

The long lashes hid her eyes, but I felt that she was laughing at me as I replied: "Oh, of course an old house-dog who has lost all his teeth is perfectly safe for the children to play with."

"Yes, exactly," was the reply. And this time she raised her laughing eyes to mine, and with an "au revoir" and low courtesy, she ran upstairs, while I departed, in a most uncomfortable state of mind, to fetch my skates. A few minutes before I would have been willing to stake my fortune that she cared a little for me, but her last speech undid it all.

In half an hour I was back again. Some one left the house as I ran up the steps, and as the door stood open, I walked in without ringing. My hand was on the portiere of the drawing-room to push it aside, when I heard a voice within say: "I love you, Alice. Will you be my wife?"

My heart stood still, and turning from the door, I best a hasty retreat to the reception-room.

I had recognized the voice as that of one of the young fellows who had been most devoted to his attentions to Alice. He was wealthy; indeed that hardly expressed it, for he was worth at least a million in his own right, with the prospect of inheriting several more from his

father. Compared with that, my little fortune was a mere pittance. The front door shut, and I looked from the window to make sure that my ears had not deceived me. No; there he was, tall and handsome, just such a young fellow as any woman would be proud to call her husband. Then I turned to the mirror over the mantel. What chance would an old house-dog have when compared with such a splendid young mastiff? Of course, she would accept him.

However, if we were to go skating, I must put on a brave face, and save my misery until afterward. When I entered the drawing-room I found Alice, wrapped in her furs, sitting in front of the fire, gazing at it intently. She looked up as I approached her, and there was a suspicious glint about her eyes as she hastily drew her hand across them, saying: "You startled me, Mr. Graham; I did not hear you come in."

"I have been here some time," I replied, "and have to beg pardon for unintentionally overhearing part of your conversation."

"Did you? Oh, I am sorry," "Surely you need not grudge an old friend the knowledge of your happiness," I said, with some bitterness.

She looked astonished, but said nothing. "May I congratulate you?" I asked. "Not yet, please," was the answer. "But come, Mr. Graham, we must be off, or we will have no time for skating."

We started off, and every minute her spirits rose, while mine sank lower. It seemed hard-hearted to me that she should parade her happiness before my very eyes. Alice never noticed how forced my attempts at liveliness were, but laughed and talked as I had never heard her laugh and talk before. It was the last time that I should ever have her all to myself, and I never took my eyes off of her face, drinking in her beauty, her ever-changing expression, and her glorious eyes, now soft and sympathetic, yet in an instant brimming over with fun and laughter—often enough at my expense.

Jim Randolph was at home when we returned, and would take no refusal to his invitation to stop and dine with them. "For the last time," I said to myself, and stayed. He had an engagement for the evening, and excused himself as soon as dinner was over, leaving us alone. We sat in front of the drawing-room fire after he had gone, and a long and awkward pause ensued.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Alice at last.

"You would not like them," was the surly reply.

"Perhaps not, but I have a fancy to hear them."

"They will only tire you."

"That is for me to decide," she answered; and rising from her low seat she leaned against the mantel, with her face in the shadow, so that I could not see it distinctly, but her voice sounded strangely excited. "Please grant my request," she added.

"Very well," I said; "as you wish it, then, I was thinking of you, Alice. I have loved you since the first time I met you—loved you as I never thought I could love, and until my love for you has become so bound up in my life that now, when I must give you up, life seems but a blank to me. I know I was a fool to think of you. I am too old. What have I to offer you in comparison with the wealth, youth and social standing, that have been thrown at your feet to-day? Nothing but my love." A sound like a suppressed sob came from the fireplace.

"You asked me, Alice, and I have told you. I think it would have been wiser not to have spoken, for what good can it do?"

"What good? Oh, John! Oh, you dear old goose! could not you see that I loved you all the time?"

"You loved me, Alice?" I exclaimed. "Yes," she broke in; "and yet I treated you shamefully." She was kneeling beside me now, with head buried on the arm of my chair. "Oh, John, I am so sorry! Can you forgive me? I began in fun at first, because it provoked me to hear you talk of women as if any of them could be bought by the highest bidder; and then I could not resist teasing you about being papa's friend; and when I found that—that I was caring more and more about you, I determined to try and make you change all those horrid theories of yours before I ever would let you know it. But I did not know you loved me so very, very much, John, and I did not want you to suffer really."

My senses seemed to have left me. I sat there dazed by the sudden happiness which filled my heart.

"And what I heard this afternoon?" I gasped.

"You silly boy!" she cried, lifting her blushing face from the chair, "if you had only waited a minute longer you would never have doubted me for an instant. Now are you satisfied, dear?"

There were no more awkward pauses that evening. It was late when I rose to take my leave. Alice helped me on with my overcoat, and I caught her in my arms as she would have escaped with a hurried "good-night."

"Are you sure, my darling, that you do not regret taking pity on the old house-dog?" I asked, looking down at her.

"Oh no," she answered, demurely, "not as long as he is an old friend of papa's." And with a mischievous glance she slipped from my arms, and ran laughing away.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Mighty Tough."

## ARIZONA'S ANCIENT RACE.

### VESTIGES OF A CIVILIZATION OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS.

#### Ruins of Cities Once Peopled By a Teeming Population—Agricultural and Other Implements.

A letter from Arizona to the New York Sun, says: The Hemenway expedition, under the direction of Frank Cushing, has been at work for several months and has excavated the ruins of a city three miles long and two miles wide. The excavations are not continuous, but have been made at various points along the main street and at the limits of the town, the extent of which is clearly established. Mr. Cushing acquired from the Zuni Indians, among whom he has lived for some years, the knowledge of customs and traditions which enabled him to find the buried cities of the Salt River Valley. The first one excavated is called Los Muertos, the City of the Dead. There are nineteen buried cities in the Salt River valley alone, and Los Muertos, which had a population of at least 10,000, is one of the smallest. The entire valley was once a system of cities with adobe farms, and up in the mountains are sacrificial caves and pueblos of stone, many of which never have been explored and are entirely unknown to the wandering tourist and sightseer.

The people who lived in these cities were not Aztecs, as was supposed. They were of the race that preceded the Aztecs, and had upon this continent a civilization older than the pyramids. This is proved by the human remains and relics found in the houses that have been dug out. Ethnological research prosecuted by Mr. Cushing by the comparative method demonstrates that the dwellers of the plain were Toltecs, and that they reached a high state of civilization many centuries before the Aztecs appeared. They were probably of Asiatic origin, but not Mongoloid. The Indian of the Pacific coast appears to be Mongoloid and a later immigrant from Asia. The age of the Toltec ruins is reckoned in thousands of years.

The Toltecs were agricultural people, and had the plain of Tempe under a high state of cultivation. The climate and character of soil were apparently the same as now, and a vast system of irrigation was required to make the land productive. The ditches dug by the Toltecs can be traced to-day, and the maps made by the surveyor of the Hemenway party show at least three hundred miles of this work. The plain appears to be level, but in fact it slopes very gradually to the southwest. The Toltecs were better irrigators than the farmers of to-day. They were satisfied with a very slight flow, and consequently were able to conduct water to every part of the plain of Tempe. The higher ground, which is now a desert, was reached by levees upon which the water flowed. The bottoms of these ditches and levees, hardened by the water flowing over them, have resisted the leveling power of the elements. The banks have disappeared, leaving the bottom elevated slightly above the plain, and these hardened surfaces are now used as roads all over the valley. In some places the irrigating canal was cut through the solid rock with stone implements, and at Mesa City the Mormons are now using one of these ancient canals. The cost of making that cut to-day, with improved tools and machinery, would be \$20,000.

The Toltecs had no occasion to raise more corn than they could consume, and therefore the population of the plain may be calculated on the basis of cultivated acreage. The 4,000 Pima Indians on the Gila irrigate 10,000 acres, support themselves and sell 9,000,000 pounds of wheat yearly. It is within bounds to place the ancient population at 250,000, and the extent of the ruined cities justifies that estimate. That, however, is only the population of the plain of Tempe. The ruins still uncovered, but traced by unmistakable surface indications, extend through the foot hills, into the mountains, over them, and across the next valley, and again across another range, and into a third valley. In the mountains the buildings are of stone instead of adobe, and the fields are terraced and divided by low stone walls. Mr. Cushing is satisfied that these ruins extend as far north as Utah and southern Colorado, throughout all the plains and valleys of Arizona, as far east as the Rio Grande, and south into central Mexico. He even says, privately, with the caution of a scientist, that he is quite certain that the Toltec civilization can be traced along the whole Pacific slope, from Alaska to Chili.

The ruins of Los Muertos are being thoroughly examined, because they are typical, and also because they have been buried, and therefore protected from the ravages of time, tourists, and ranchers. Twenty-two large blocks of buildings have been uncovered, and three car loads of relics have been sent to Boston. These relics consist of pottery, implements, and skeletons. One of the ruined buildings measures 400 by 675 feet, another is 480 feet long, and many of the buildings are 300 feet square. The adobe walls are sometimes seven feet thick and two stories high. Connected with each building is a pyral mound, around the base of which are the funeral urns containing the ashes of cremated Toltecs. Entrance to the buildings were sometimes through doorways and sometimes through holes in the roofs. Each building was divided into a great number of small rooms, indicating a large population to each block. The roofs were of concrete, supported by timbers, and most of them have fallen in. Here and there the concrete remains in position, retaining an impression of timbers that have disappeared utterly.

It is evident that these cities were destroyed by earthquakes. In most cases the roofs have fallen in and the side walls have fallen outward. Time has disintegrated the adobe blocks, and the rains have spread the material so evenly that the buildings are indicated only by slight irregularities in the surface. The work of excavation is simply to clear away the surface material. That the cities were suddenly overthrown is proved by the finding of skeletons under the fallen roofs and walls in positions indicating violent deaths. One skeleton, photographed as found, shows that the man was caught under the falling roof and thrown upon his face. His chest is pushed forward by the weight, and his right hand, stretched out as he fell, is crushed and flattened. The large

number of bodies found proves that the calamity was widespread and complete. In one of the sacrificial caves of the Superstition Mountains lies a skeleton that eloquently tells the story of the earthquake and the terror of the inhabitants. It is that of a maiden sacrificed, as the vessels and offerings on the altar show to the ethnologist, to appease the wrath of the earthquake demon. There had been several shocks of greater or less severity, and the people had offered up ordinary sacrifices in vain. At last the priests went up to the sacrificial cave and made the supreme offering of a maiden of the tribe. The people returned to their homes assured that the danger had been averted. Then came the great shock. Walls fell and roofs crashed. Those who were not caught in the ruins fled in terror to the fields. They saw their cities overthrown and their fields laid waste. The gods had abandoned them to the malignant wrath of the powers of evil that even to-day are believed by the Indians to dwell in the Superstition Mountains. They fled in panic; the Toltec people were separated and were scattered through the country. The wild tribes of the hills and forests made war upon them and drove them to the south, and a splendid civilization of prehistoric times was obliterated from the face of the earth.

#### What's in a Name?

Probably the worst name for a country known to history is the United States of America. It is ambiguous, may mean either a nation or a confederacy, and has two senses in the Constitution. It is not so trivial as New Found Land, but it is longer and does not admit of shortening, as does the name of our neighbor island to Newfoundland. New South Wales is almost as bad, and all three are awkward beyond redemption. The test of a name of a country is in whether it admits of a derivative gentle noun and adjective. Europe gives us European, Britain, British; Cyprus, Cypriote; and Siam, Siamese. These are good as names. But no man can bring himself to say that he is a New South Welshman, or that he is a United States of American.

We are in the habit of calling ourselves simply by the tail end of our proper designation (Americans), forgetful that every human being from Yukon to Patagonia has equal right with us to the name.

Some of our States allow no derivative. A man from Virginia is a Virginian, from South Carolina a South Carolinian; but how does a man from Massachusetts pronounce his name? What is a man from New Hampshire? Still a Yankee, although Senator Cass tried to better the term when he called John P. Hale a New Hampshire goose, and Hale retorted by calling Cass a Michigander. Men from Maine can still be only Yankees, or Down Easters, for they resent, we believe, being called Maniacs. Wisconsin refuses as strenuously as Michigan to accept a derivative, as the only one possible would be Wisconsinner.—*Independent.*

#### Smoke as an Instrument of War.

Smoke will certainly play an important part in the warfare of the future. Last year at Milford Haven and this year in Langstone Harbor it was artificially created in large quantities, in order to form screens, behind which attacking forces might, unobserved, approach within range of forts and batteries. On each occasion rafts laden with combustibles were set on fire and floated into positions from which the wind carried the smoke in a more or less dense cloud in the direction of the defense.

On the other hand, ever since the introduction of modern ordnance and rapid rifle fire, it has been felt that the huge volumes of smoke which would be belched forth during a battle of the present day would probably prevent the use of big guns to the best advantage. Smoke, in fact, may, according to circumstances, be either a great assistance or a grave impediment in warfare. The ideal state of things is, of course, one in which the production of smoke shall be controlled, so that either a clear atmosphere or a clouded one may, as need may arise, be created around a battery or ship in action.

This ideal has now, to some extent, been attained. It is found that smoke, as it issues from the muzzle of a heavy gun, can be almost instantaneously precipitated by means of a simple electrical apparatus.—*St. James's Gazette.*

#### Paying to Hear His Own Lecture.

Theodore Tilton was about to lecture at a well known hall in Maine. He arrived at the door unattended, and inquired for the manager. He was informed that he was within, but could not be disturbed as the lecture was about to commence.

"Can I go in and speak to him?" he humbly asked of the highly important ticket taker.

"Yes, if you have got half a dollar." Tilton produced the coin and passed into the hall to hear his own lecture. He enjoyed the joke much, and said it was a good lecture and well worth the price of admittance.

#### Unique Lily Ponds.

The most unique and beautiful collection of water lilies in this country is the boast of Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. In the great lily ponds every variety, from the pink blossom of New York to the imposing Victoria Regina, an island in its broad expanse of leaf, is to be found. Through blue, purple, red and snow white lilies, the gold and silver fish dart, and in summer butterflies of brilliant hue hover over the pond flowers in delight. A new variety of the lily family is to be added to the collection. It is produced by a French gardener, Latour Marliac. The flowers are six inches in diameter, and their color is the soft canary of the Marechal Neil rose. Only two other yellow water lilies are known—a pretty North American species and a dull colored species of Brazil.—*New York Press.*

#### The Amount of Gold in Use.

No one doubts that the amount of gold in the civilized countries of the world has largely increased in recent years. M. Soetbeer names \$107,000,000 as the increase from 1887 to 1895. It is absolutely certain that the reserves of gold in the principal banks of Europe and the United States have in recent years largely increased, and not diminished. Professor Laughlin estimates this increase to have been "from \$38,400,000 in 1870-80 to \$107,000,000 in 1891."—*English Review.*

## PHASES.

A song of life I sing,  
A ripple in a stream—  
A day of bliss—  
A smile—a kiss—  
A sweet, enchanted dream.  
We strive for might and power,  
Some never heights to climb—  
Our triumphs ring—  
We shout and sing  
A psalm of life sublime.  
We long for "sweet repose,"  
For rest and quiet sigh—  
Ah! wherefore must  
We live—in dust  
Our shattered idols lie.  
We moan and look for Death,  
And count his coming dear—  
Our heart's dull pain  
Knows no refrain,  
Save sigh and sob and tear.  
With meekly folded hands,  
We neither sing nor sigh—  
Our longings done—  
Our rest begun—  
In peaceful sleep we lie.  
—Sarah M. Osborne.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A two-foot rule—Never wear tight shoes.  
A very troublesome young lady—Misunderstood.

For weights that are dark commend us to coal scales.—*Pittsburg Courier.*

The sweetest thing in purses is when a pretty girl purses her lips.—*Epoch.*

A firm resolve—an agreement to go into partnership.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Jay Gould's advice is to "keep out of bad company." The Western Union Company for instance.—*Life.*

How to cook a canvas-back duck is instructive. How to buy one, at present prices, is a problem.—*Baltimore American.*

The cat is shining as bright as silk. She's a beautiful sight to see; For she seems to feel while lapping the milk. The lap of luxu-ree.

"Boys, these days," remarked a news-boy, as he picked up the stump of a cigar and puffed away at it, "begin where the grown people leave off."

Maud (awakening suddenly at 3 A. M.)—"Mother, there's a man trying to break into the house." "Hush, my child; it's your father. He's afraid to ring the bell."

There is a man in Chicago who plays billiards for the drinks before he goes home in the afternoon and then whips his youngest son for playing marbles.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Silence in the court room," thundered a recently elected police magistrate. "The court has already committed four persons without being able to hear a word of the testimony."

#### Making Pottery With Great Rapidity.

A novel and remarkable exhibition was given at the Westminster Museum, when Harry Flaxman, the clever pottery worker, undertook the feat of making an entire tea-set of forty-four pieces in the short space of 74 minutes. When it was announced that such an attempt would be made, those who were unacquainted with the record of the young man from Wedgwood's great pottery establishment, England, offered wagers that it could not be accomplished. Much interest was manifested by the large number present when Manager Bingham gave the word and Flaxman began his task, while several watches ticked off the minutes. The pliable clay was manipulated with deft and skilful fingers and twelve cups and saucers adorned the board in short order. Then twelve plates were piled upon each other, and then four large plates, a teapot, sugar bowl and two other vessels sprang up by magic, all shapely and almost perfectly formed. When the last piece was finished the hands on the majority of the watches indicated the lapse of eight minutes from the time of starting, and the remarkably quick workman rested, beaten by a half minute. But he can make the set in seven and one-half minutes under more favorable circumstances. The whole work, including molding, is accomplished by the fingers, and the only tools used are a thin brass wire for cutting the clay and a small revolving wheel.—*Providence Journal.*

#### Not a Paradise for Doctors.

The Chinese penal code provides that when an unskillful physician, in administering medicines or using the acupuncture needle, proceeds contrary to the established forms, and thereby causes the death of the patient, the magistrate shall call in other physicians to examine the medicines or the wound. If it appear that the injury done was unintentional, the practitioner shall then be treated according to the statute for accidental homicides, and shall not any longer be allowed to practice medicine. But if he have designedly departed from the established forms, and have practiced deceit in his attempts to cure the malady in order to gain property, then, according to its amount, he shall be treated as a thief; and if death ensues from his malpractice, then for having thus used medicine with intent to kill, he shall be beheaded. There appears to be nothing in the "Celestial" code answering to the laws of "barbarian" nations concerning civil damages recoverable by parties made to suffer from "unintentional" malpractice.—*Chicago News.*

#### Where the Oldest Citizen is Honored.

Belgium has the habit of paying worship to its oldest citizen. The oldest citizen here is as much an official as Tenyson is in England. In order that the patriarch's fame may wing its flight across the Atlantic, I must tell you that his name is William Van Renterghem and that he is at the present moment one hundred and six years old. The Government allows him a little pension, which suffices for all his material wants. The entire population of Rudderwode, where he resides, is feting him as I write these lines. Walizes are being composed in his honor; poems laudatory of him are being penned and recited; the Mayor and corporation are presenting him with an address, and the clergy are giving him their benedictions. The respectable old gentleman is enjoying the best of health and, I am told, as lively and active as a man of forty.—*Chicago News.*







